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THE LAST LOOK AT THE GLASS BEFORE STARTING.

SCENE.—The Country. TIME.—To be of. Ten miles to drive.

The Father of his Daughter. 'H'm, Change!'

The Daughter of her Father. 'Ha, Fair!'

ON THE FRENCH STAGE.

'MODERN Life at the Theatre' is the title given by an able writer, M. Jules Claretie, to a reprint of his criticisms on dramatic art published in the 'Opinion Nationale' newspaper.* They make

* 'La Vie Moderne au Théâtre, Causeries sur l'Art Dramatique.' Par Jules Claretie. Paris, Georges Barba.

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both an instructive and an amusing volume, from his intimate knowledge of the subject and his fair appreciation of different actors' merits. They also record, apropos to the above, many curious features of Parisian society, literature, and life; and, as they are not likely to appear entire in English, an antho-

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logy culled from them may be welcome.

In a recent paper on a grave and important subject, namely, 'The White Cat,' we mentioned the *Athénée* as the *fourth* lyrical theatre of Paris, and we advise lovers of light and pretty music to make acquaintance with it when next they visit the French capital, the more so as it does not lie out of the way, being a few steps behind the New Grand Opera. Moreover, it has the merit of beginning late, allowing them time to dine at leisure. M. Claretie acquaints us with the circumstances to which we owe this new place of musical entertainment.

The *Athénée* is a lecture-room transformed into a small but commodious theatre. The truth is—and the severe remark is not ours, but our author's—that there does not exist in France (which is a pity) a public to fill a lecture-room. Without any great power of divination he foresaw the platform from which Messieurs Yung and Legouvé once spoke converted into the boards of a playhouse. Whilst in England people throng, day after day and night after night, to learn chemistry and natural philosophy from a Faraday relating the history of a candle, to listen to a Tyndall explaining the connection of heat with motion, or to hear a Dickens read, as few men can, passages from his own romances, in France a holy horror is felt for whatever can increase the spread of human knowledge. When people go to hear a speaker, it is more with the hope of being amused than with any desire of gaining information. At the *Athénée* the great majority only went there because the seats cost less than at other places of entertainment, or because at the box-offices no more places were to be had for the 'Grand Duchesse de Gérostein.' In their eyes, the *Athénée* had no business to be a branch of the *Collège de France*; they preferred its conversion into a supplement to the *Palais Royal Theatre* or the *Variétés*.

But human beings are more interesting than the buildings that harbour them. Let us take the actor Bouffé, who, according to M. Cla-

retie, is perfection itself. With what skill he makes himself up, transforming himself into the personage represented! After playing, in 'Père Turlututu,' a shaky, snuffing, meddling old busybody, he appears in 'Les Vieux Pêcheurs' as a retired dancer, who has become mayor of his commune and churchwarden of his parish. His costume is a composition. Brass-buttoned coat, bright-brown waistcoat, frilled shirt, lace ruffles, rings and chains—all the paraphernalia of an elderly buck still vain of his person, with a light flaxen wig in beautiful curl, and the gait of a *premier sujet* of the ballet, which there is no mistaking. Even when the dancer walks you perceive that he has been used to flourish his legs. Bouffé, as Gambetti, the once first-rate dancer, is not the actor to forget that peculiarity. His skipping step is a marvel of observation.

Bouffé, in his numerous creations, has gone as far as art can go without the grand inspiration which transports you at once to another world. His only genius is persevering study; but he has taken such pains, he has paid such ceaseless attention to details, to the correctness of his gestures and the inflections of his voice, as to become not certainly the greatest artist but the first comedian of his day. But he has no personal advantages, like most other actors. He is small and slight, but he has completely triumphed over those drawbacks. By continued efforts he has moulded his nervous temperament to all sorts of incarnations. Good-natured and simple, confident even to blindness in Michael Perrin, he is terrible with his sordid avarice and egotism as Père Grandet. In the same evening he will play you, with equal truthfulness, the Gamin de Paris, a boy, and *Pauvre Jacques*, an old man.

In the 'Vieux Pêcheurs' there is a scene which he hits off admirably—the dancing lesson. His goddaughter, a young lady belonging to the corps de ballet of the Opera, comes to ask the retired dancer to appear, for one night only, for somebody's benefit. Monsieur le Maire draws

back quite shocked. What an idea! He show himself upon the stage! A public functionary to paint his face and put on skin-tights! *Avant, Satan, and tempt me not!*

'But in any case, godpapa, you will not refuse me your advice? And she begins to dance, raises her arms, attitudinises, cuts capers. He looks at her, occasionally expressing his approbation. 'Yes; that's it. But there's a movement which savours of the new school of dancing. That's what ballet-masters teach now o' days! How ridiculous! And they call that dancing! Ah! what would Vestris say? Here; look at me; this is the classical style of doing it.' And off he starts, leaping, executing steps, showing positions. He adds the word to the action, he explains his pantomime, he underlines his gestures by reasons for them, he gives a lecture on the artistic expression of emotion. It is clear that, in spite of his official dignity, he cannot resist the opportunity of advocating his own choreographic method and principles.

Bouffé does all this in the most delightful style. It is hard to believe that this man, so sure of himself, of every movement and exclamation, whose play is so studied, leaving nothing to the inspiration of the moment, should be the most timid of actors—timid as a *débutant* before he comes on the stage. Every time he had to create a new part, even at the height of his success, the poor man was ill, really ill. Bouffé, always weak, has been sustained by his nervous force. With a less stubborn will he would certainly have broken down. Whenever a new piece was performed for the first time, his emotion was so great that he was obliged to change his shirt at the end of each act. On such occasions he was afraid, and has probably still not mastered his fears. And yet the crowd which scares him, and the boards which seem to burn his feet, communicate such energy that, though ailing and weary, he has always found, before the public, a magnetic power which makes him robust on the stage. No one, even now, would take him for an old man; he has lost nothing

of his voice, his spirit, his emphatic gestures; but he only possesses them while acting. In private life he does not conceal his infirmities, but reserves all his strength for his darling public.

Got, of the *Théâtre Français*, is another admirable actor. His *Duc Job*, for instance, is a personage perfectly got up from top to toe. The gestures, tone of voice, to the very accent and *tic* of the barracks—everything is noted and rendered without affectation. He has the simple gaiety of a child, and the depressed, despairing moments of a grown man. When he sobs upon the sofa, at his broken love and the memory of his departed friend, he attains the most touching actuality. Got found his real place when he set himself to render in this way the sorrows of modern life, the emotions arising out of cotemporary circumstances. He belongs to us and to our days, in all his ways of thinking and acting, and the spectator is immediately conscious of it. Others invent, he studies; others imagine, he observes; others have elegance, he has energy; others hold to tradition, he grasps the truth. In short, Got is a real and thoroughly conscientious artist.

Perhaps the most admired and idolised of all French living actors and actresses—I do not here include amongst them the Schneiders and others, who raise a laugh and make you stare at their fearlessness—is *Frédéric Lemaitre*, often spoken of affectionately as plain *Frédéric*. He touches nothing that he does not adorn, even the strangest absurdities and incongruities; witness his performance of *Père Gachette* at the *Folies-Dramatiques*, in 1867. Such a drama would never enter your head—such a promising glut of crimes and corpses. It was a posthumous piece which would never have been played had its author, *Paulin Deslandes*, still survived; but there was his family to be assisted, and certainly it would have been a pity to lose one of *Frédéric's* most striking creations.

Paulin Deslandes was a man of talent who, in the popular drama, more than once touched the right

note. This 'Père Gachette' was found in his drawer, and they determined to act it. They polished it up, remodelled the framework, and, in short, tried to render it passable, presentable—no easy task. Luckily, a great actor was at their disposal, Frédéric Lemaître, who weathered the storm. A man of genius, like him, fixes all our attention upon himself and causes his surroundings to be forgotten. Frédéric is the soul of this crazy drama. In his hands, impossibilities become probable, absurdities superb, and the ridiculous story haunts and worries you like an actual occurrence.

Frédéric's old age resembles a summer's evening, in which, after a tempest, under a cooler sky, you give their full course to thoughts of the past. Those who knew him in his fever fits, in the hot battles of other days, in the 'Thirty Years of a Gambler's Life' and 'Ruy-Blas,' behold him now with renewed admiration, calmed down, softened, majestic with his white hair, which he keeps completely at his command, which he makes stand on end, flattens, or puts in disorder, almost gifting it with speech, reminding you of Michael Angelo's prophets in the Sistine Chapel, with their hoary locks streaming in the wind. The voice is sometimes in default, but the intonation is so correct, the countenance so eloquent, that everybody comprehends or divines what he says. And then the gestures are always magnificent, surprising in their truthfulness. In Père Gachette, we have none of the grand impetuous movements of Don César, nor, as in the Thirty Years, the haughty pantomime of an Ajax who would brave the lightning. More subdued, but equally powerful and singularly accurate, at once homely and superb, Frédéric's play is a succession of minute but marvellous details which melt into one harmonious composition.

Père Gachette—not to analyse the piece, but to give you an idea of Frédéric's part—is a locksmith, a pupil of Gamain, the man of the iron closet. He had worked, in his time, with Louis XVI. at the Tuileries. He is an honest artisan,

who, without depriving himself of needful comforts, adopts tall orphan lads and little girls abandoned by their parents. The result of which—through combinations of accidents not related or explained—is that his adopted son, Saverne, happens to be the father of the little girl Etoile, whom Gachette has also taken under his wing. Perhaps it might have happened in this wife. The young man once loved, and was loved by, a young woman who is now the Duchesse d'Aubigny. Say she had a misfortune before her marriage, and that this misfortune, which she was glad to get rid of, is little Etoile. Say that she renews her acquaintance with the abandoned child and the once-beloved father, and you have a delicate situation ready to explode at any time.

Though ladies may think it fine to become a duchesse, they cannot do so without a duke. This one is a very demon of jealousy. He scents that there is something in the wind, and suspects improprieties which may not exist. So he decoys Saverne to his hotel in the Rue de Grenelle, where he has a cast-iron cage or chamber, in which he locks up the duchesse, Saverne, and their little daughter into the bargain. Once there, deprived of food and air, wife, lover, and child must perish, and Blue Beard will wash his hands of the business. Have you ever read Edgar Poe's story of the dying man imprisoned in the chamber whose walls gradually closed in, in all directions, till they crushed the victim? The scene at the Folies-Dramatiques promised a repetition of that pleasant spectacle; but the curtain fell before the personages were completely suffocated.

Their vital spark, however, is not quite extinguished; and Père Gachette, as you may imagine, possesses the secret of opening the cage. Unfortunately, the good man talks of the affair, and persists in maintaining that, in the Hôtel d'Aubigny, there are iron cages like those once existing at Plessis-les-Tours; so a medical practitioner pronounces him insane, has him confined in a cell, and recommends him to yield to the cooling influence of bars, bolts, and

shower-baths. Gachette shouts and entreats in vain; nobody vouchsafes to listen to him. Losing patience, he adopts a desperate measure, sets fire to the house, contrives to escape in the confusion, and quietly proceeds to deliver the captives, whom he finds fatigued, prostrated, suffocated, starved. They will get off with the fright, under skilful treatment. But these sort of stories are not meant to be told; they must be seen in action to be appreciated.

In the part of Gachette, Frédéric forgets nothing, neither the emotion caused by grief, nor the peculiarities derived from his trade. Out of a personage of no decided character, a worn-out coin that has passed through every melodrama, he creates—and the word is appropriate—a living being, full of contrasts—one of those old Parisian artisans whom you have met, elbowed, and chatted with about their profession of faith and their previous history. Frédéric is here a real locksmith, an honest workman who does not look beyond his duty and his tools. He has the energy of the working man, with his healthy cheerfulness and his hearty laugh. You should see him at one of his comrades' wedding, gallantly offering his hand to the bride, trying a step, attempting a figure, and when the fumes of the wine mount to his head, elated, unsteady on his legs, humming tunes, and laughing at nothing. This tipsiness is completely different from the intoxication of Don César de Bazan or the insatiable drunkenness of the Chiffonier de Paris. Frédéric is master of all these shades of inebriation.

We have mentioned the details he brings to the composition of his parts. For instance, when he writes a letter, he does not do it off-hand, passing the pen over the paper without making a stroke, as other actors do. On the contrary, he wipes his pen, dips it in the ink from time to time, and turns the leaf over. In 'André Gerard,' he acted one of the most pathetic scenes—and its effect was thereby doubled—mechanically holding his cravat in his hand. In the last act of 'Thirty

Years of a Gambler's Life,' poverty-struck, in rags, when he sits down to table, he has a way of unfolding his handkerchief to serve as napkin, a remnant of the habits of his better days, which is a masterstroke of observation. In 'Père Gachette,' when he offers his hand to the bride to conduct her to the dance, he holds his silk gloves between his fingers; he does not put them on. And while conversing and arguing with the doctor, he instinctively helps himself to a pinch from his snuff-box. It is these innumerable nothings which constitute the really superior actor and give the part the intensity of life. And all these details, apparently insignificant, make up together an admirably consistent whole.

But Frédéric has no rival in the act in which Gachette, confined in the madhouse, beset in his cell by the fixed idea of quitting it in order to deliver Saverne, interrogates and feels at himself, doubting his own sanity, and gradually rising into fury. This scene, too lightly treated by the author, is rendered singularly striking by the actor. It might easily have been terrible. In fact, what situation can be more dramatic than this? A man, in full possession of his mental faculties, shut up in a lunatic asylum, and there conducting himself like a maniac, to convince other people that he is in his senses! The stronger his protests that he is not mad, the more he proves his madness in the doctor's eyes. His anger soon is changed to fever; his blood boils; and after arguments, explanations, and entreaties, the poor wretch will certainly come to threats and howlings. Only a short time previously, the same fact had actually occurred in Paris. An unfortunate passenger, on getting out of a railway carriage, was taken, by mistake, and carried off from the station to the cell of a madhouse. We cannot conceive any possible situation—and it is said such 'mistakes' are not very rare—more dreadful or atrocious than this.

Frédéric paints this horrible position to the life. He has moments of terror which make you

turn cold; something like the issueless despair of a poor wretch arguing with a wall. He speaks, and they hear him; but he guesses they do not believe a word of what he says. His very entreaties go against him. He is aware of it. He tries to be calm; and then, furious at the impossibility of being calm, he falls, claps his head in his hands, and weeps.

In the days of 'Ruy-Blas,' in the striking scene in the third act, where Don Salluste, dressed as a lacquey, compelled his valet, Ruy-Blas, to shut the window, it is said that the actor, Alexandre Maubin, who played Salluste, and who sat in an arm-chair facing the public, while Frédéric, who stood behind him, walked to the back of the stage, saw at that moment, every night, the whole audience suddenly moved and then bursting out into vehement applause, without Frédéric's uttering a word.

Don Salluste, with his back turned to Ruy-Blas, could make out nothing, nor even guess by what admirable byplay the great actor thus carried away the public. One night Maubin could not resist looking. Stooping, and turning his head, he beheld Frédéric motionless, horribly pale, hesitating to go to the window, crushed by the humiliation and weeping—weeping every night real tears, which slowly fell from his reddened eyelids. This gift of tears, this prodigious artistic faculty of identifying himself with a part, so as to *live it*, is possessed by no one to a like degree. We may say that he has actually and successively been Gennaro, Georges the Gambler, André Gérard, the Père Gachette.

While Frédéric was playing in the 'Crime de Faverno,' all the actors of Paris who were not occupied at their own theatres went to hear the performer, who is still what he has always been—the grand master of dramatic art. Every one of his creations is a model for these new comers, who hardly take the trouble to study. They look upon him as he himself regarded Kemble, whose acting influenced him to a certain degree. Not that Kemble

had ever been his master. Men like Frédéric need no teacher; they have one constantly at hand—namely, nature.

Frédéric's great power lies in his continual and conscientious truthfulness—truth in his passion, truth both in his comic and his grander scenes. There is not one of those striking gestures which surprise you by their emphasis which has not been studied and copied from nature. He is a dramatic genius born, not full armed, like Minerva, from Jupiter's brain, but who has armed himself, little by little, with all the feverish sorrows in his own experience and the dramas of real life that have fallen in his way. His only professor has been, in fact, life. His conservatoire is the street or the saloon, any place where the collisions of love and hate cause passion to flash out like lightning. It is said that one day Lafontaine (who had been playing the 'Misanthrope' at the Comédie-Française with great success, and who admires Frédéric Lemaitre almost to idolatry) called on the old hero and begged his counsels.

'What counsels would you have me give you?' Frédéric asked. 'The first person you happen to meet, if joyful or sad, and provided he manifest his sorrow or his joy, will give you more valuable hints than mine.'

'Nevertheless——'

'We artists can find only one true teacher, and this is our own proper heart. Come,' continued Frédéric, 'you wish me to give you a lesson. So be it; you shall have your lesson. Very well. You are returning home, in good spirits, satisfied with everything, after a pleasant evening, a dinner with friends—never mind what. You mount the staircase, smiling, before you see her, at your wife, who is awaiting you with open arms, and ready to give the usual kiss. You open the door, and enter; your wife is not there. You look about you, and find, on a table, a letter, in which she tells you that she has left you, that she will never return, and that it is useless to search after her retreat. Here is a situation.

How will you render it? Try it. I am all attention.'

Frédéric Lemaitre, quietly seated on his chair, regarded M. Lafontaine, who hesitated a little, feeling nervous in the great artist's presence. Perhaps he was also taken by surprise. Abrupt modes of teaching, like this, are unknown in the schools of declamation, where the professor lays the principal stress on the accent and the diction, implanting in his pupils a uniform mode of speech which, in the end, becomes fatiguing to the hearer, and busying himself with the gesture rather than the soul—with the style of walking more than the intensity of feeling. Lions only, like Frédéric, take the bull by the horns, or rather pin him by the nostrils.

Frédéric Lemaitre rose from his seat. 'Look,' he said to Lafontaine, 'how I should do it.'

And then, as if in the course of conversation, with his hands in his pockets, and without any of the resources of the theatre, he acted before wondering Lafontaine one of the most astounding scenes it is possible to witness. At first he was the happy, confiding husband, stepping up-stairs, humming a song. With a commonplace open countenance, and a half silly smile, he opens the door, draws a deep breath, rubs his hands. He is at home. He looks about him. Where is his wife? She has not sat up for him. Very extraordinary. Is she ill?—Note that Frédéric did not utter a single word; all this was expressed by his unaided pantomime.—He goes to the bed. Nobody. Has she gone out? He sits down; he will wait for her. He takes up a newspaper to while away the time.

But what is that letter on the side table in the corner? A letter; and a letter from her! Why should she write? What need can she have to write? The husband changes countenance. He guesses some misfortune. Yes; there is misfortune in that letter. He takes it, turns it about, dares not open it. He reads it, and falls in a fainting fit.

'These, my good friend, are the only counsels I can give you,' said Frédéric, rising. 'Lay your hand on your heart, and listen to its beatings.'

How often has Lafontaine related this visit, from which he retired at once, overcome, and filled with enthusiasm!

There is more than one point of resemblance between this scene thus improvised in a few minutes and the mad scene worked up and magnificently rendered by Frédéric in the 'Crime de Faverna.' The actor's art can hardly go further. This scene also was deplorably managed by the writers, and it required a very different degree of talent on the part of the actor to give it the power to which he raised it.

Maitre Séraphin is an elderly notary at Blois who had lost his wife a twelvemonth ago. He worships Thérèse's memory. He fears to make the sound of his footsteps heard in the chamber where she breathed her last. He preserves, as relics, a cap with pink ribbons, a neckerchief, a mantelet, and the watch she used to consult, during her dying illness. Thérèse is enshrined in his memory as a saint, and his empty fireside still retains, as it were, the perfume of her angelic presence.

One day when Séraphin has shut himself up in that chamber, indulging in dreams of his bygone happiness, he hears in an adjoining apartment, which is the office occupied by his clerks, a song with a burthen to every verse, in which burthen his name is mentioned. He rises, walks in that direction, and listens. It shakes him like a clap of thunder. The singer is his head clerk, Joseph, whom he has brought up and treated almost like a son. Joseph, under the influence of drink, sings the story of his amours with his master's wife, and tells, to a vulgar tolde-rol tune, how Thérèse deceived Maitre Séraphin. The incident is improbable as well as revolting. Is it likely that a clerk, however great an ass he may be, should set his intrigues to scraps of street music for the entertainment of his fellow-scribes? And if you could only see

the clerk, and the heavy, oafish, dolt-like character given by the actor to that personage! It is something hateful, repugnant, to see that fine old man, who is Frédéric, crowded over and turned to ridicule by such a low, contemptible fellow.

But you see Frédéric, you hear Frédéric, and the scene then becomes awfully terrible. It startles even practised playgoers. Hardly has Joseph finished the burthen of the last verse of the song—a song as cowardly as the serpent's hiss and as stupid as the goose's cackling—when Séraphin rushes at him, seizes him by the throat, and dashes him to the ground. Then, leaving him half strangled, Frédéric rises, runs to Thérèse's chamber, brings her ornaments, her caps and dresses, tearing and destroying them, throws them into the fire in a towering rage, and then with glaring open eyes gloats over them while they are being consumed.

It is almost carrying things too far; and the old man cannot burn at one stroke all that he has worshipped, without some sort of explanation and because a low scamp has insulted a woman's memory in dog-grel rhymes. Séraphin, adoring Thérèse as he does, ought not to believe that she could have betrayed him. But, we repeat, it is best not to look too closely at the situation, but to yield to Frédéric's influence.

After burning the dresses, he is going to throw a medallion into the fire. It is Thérèse's portrait. He checks himself. 'No,' he says. 'This was done after she was dead; and it was not the dead woman who deceived me!' Frédéric let those words escape him in an intensity of grief. He wept, he actually shed tears. Suddenly, he roused himself, came to the front of the stage reflecting, searching in his memory for the burthen of the song that Joseph had sung. He picks up the scraps bit by bit, recites them, sings them:

'C'était par devant notaire,
Dans l'étude de Séraphin'

He laughs a horrible laugh, ceases, presses his hands on his forehead, on which one of Thérèse's friends used often to say smiling (he did not

understand her then) that he had bumps. 'Certainly,' he exclaims, with a horrible outburst of grief, 'I have bumps on my forehead. True enough; I have bumps!'

Put those words into any other actor's mouth and the audience would laugh. His audience shuddered; they were afraid. It seemed as if Frédéric himself were really going mad in their presence. He returns to his song; he hums it, he shouts it; he marks the time with his body, with his arms; the tune appears to have bewitched him; he tries to dance, the unhappy wretch! He does dance in a pitiable fashion. He dances laughing the madman's nervous laugh which terrifies every one that hears it. His whole audience were overcome with fright.

Time passes. Joseph has sung his song, and it has had its consequences. The poor lunatic wanders about the streets of Blois, continually humming it, haunted by the burthen. The clerks find him sitting on a bench; they speak to him. He does not know them. Mistrusting them at first—and with what skill Frédéric depicts the madman's timidity!—he afterwards smiles at them. Then he suddenly starts to his feet, his countenance stamped with the expression of bitter sorrow. 'Would you live happily?' he says. 'Never love.' With Frédéric, the simplest words, the slightest exclamation, reveal the great artist.

The French stage finds room occasionally for foreign actors speaking either foreign tongues, or, like Charles Mathews, acting in French. The judgment that will be pronounced on their merits is not always easy to foresee. Success at home does not necessarily involve success in Paris; and *vice versa*, mediocrities (so considered) at home occasionally find favour there. For instance, we are old enough to remember the applause bestowed on Miss Smithson and Mr. Abbot, neither of whom were considered at the head of their profession in London, but merely very respectable performers who never absolutely broke down or gave offence. The latter, gifted with a handsome person, had been looked upon as an exceedingly proper and

graceful walking gentleman; no more. On the other hand, the favourite German tenor who paid Paris a visit this winter did not do; and it has been said that Jenny Lind always avoided passing the ordeal of the Parisian public.

At the Théâtre Italien, in 1867, Mr. Sothern obtained a great success in 'Our American Cousin.' M. Jules Claretie very fairly criticises both the actor and the comedy, warning us not to take the latter as a first-rate sample of British dramatic art, in spite of its long-continued run. Its author, Tom Taylor, is the rival of Dion Boucicault, whose 'Jean la Poste' was admitted to be an excellent drama. Now 'Our American Cousin,' if offered to the Ambigu or the Gaité, would be sure to meet with a decided refusal.

The plot is quite childish and hopelessly commonplace. A cousin from America, a backwoodsman of Ohio, falls suddenly upon an English family whom he has unconsciously ruined by inheriting the fortune of their grandfather. He is insupportable, an unlicked bear, heavy, ill-bred. He gets up in the night to fire his revolver, and dislocates people's wrists when he shakes their hands; but he makes up for his roughness by his real services. He unmasks cheats, sends traitors about their business, unites lovers, and lights his cigar with the old gentleman's will. This succession of ill-managed incidents, clashing with one another, does not constitute even a second-class piece. Add Lord Dundreary to this farrago, and the jumble becomes a comedy of character. The author, however, may never have dreamt of such a personage. His merits as a writer are fully admitted. Nevertheless, as to 'Our American Cousin,' French judges say that without Mr. Sothern it would not obtain a second hearing.

But we have seen what Frédéric Lemaitre can do with an indistinct and sketchy part. The same with Sothern. He has reduced 'Our American Cousin' to this single personage, whom he varies every evening, correcting and improving the portrait from day to day. In

England, thanks to him, Lord Dundreary has become a type, like Mayeux, Calino, or Joseph Prudhomme in France. He meets you everywhere—in journals, shop windows, and posters on walls. Dundreary personifies that fraction of the English aristocracy which affects to take no interest in anything, to ignore everything, and to despise everything. While certain noblemen boldly put themselves at the head of affairs and direct their course, the Dundreary family boast their complete indifference to social or political progress.

A fold in a rose-leaf, a harsh-sounding consonant, a breath, a nothing, painfully affect these British sybarites. They resemble the French Muscadins of the year III. in the way in which they dislocate and bone the language, replacing the *rs* by *us*, drawing out their words, and saying, for example, 'Ya—a—as' for 'Yes.' All nations comprise specimens of that variety of the human race variously called 'dandies,' 'swells,' in France *gandins*, and more recently *petits créés*, wearied and wearisome, worn out, used up, without muscles, heart, or good red blood. 'Punch' aptly hits off the style of things. 'Your ticket, if you please, sir,' asks a railway official. 'Very good,' replies the swell. 'But I am rather tired. Would you have the kindness to take it yourself out of my waistcoat pocket?'

This type, as we see, has had a great vogue. It has been handled in all sorts of ways. A volume might be filled with the jokes and stupidities laid to its account. It was in 1863 that Mr. Sothern presented himself as Lord Dundreary to the London public. Henri Monnier had done the same in Paris with Joseph Prudhomme. Long before he played the 'Famille Improvisée' on the stage, he had amused his friends with the writing master's false collars and solemn talk. These petrifications of an actor in one single character are not without the disadvantages of unfitting him to represent any other. It is impossible to carry an incarnation farther. Who would guess the actor in the present personage? From head to foot he

is Lord Dundreary, an elegant simpleton, ridiculous and vain, yawning out his life, and rendered ugly, hideously ugly, by the pains taken to beautify himself. How perfectly everything in the swell is studied, from the affected walk to the little laugh which strongly resembles a turkey's gobble! How well the accessories are chosen in the toilette scene, where the dandy is surrounded by a treasury of hair brushes, dyes, pomades, and washes!

Moreover, say his French critics, Mr. Sothorn does not exaggerate or break out into caricature. He is conscientiously scrupulous in this respect. And then they point out the peculiarities of English art, which is singularly national in every branch. At an exhibition of paintings, when you walk through the galleries, you have no need to ask whether you are in the English section; you have only to look at the pictures. Everything in them is English, from the colour of the hair to the materials of the garments. You have crossed the Channel at a single bound, and are actually in England. The same is the case in theatrical matters. The pieces may be translated, adapted, imitated from a foreign stage; they are naturalised by the careful, excessively scrupulous fashion in which the actors get them up.

Madame Ristori's company was a striking instance how careless Italians are about the minor details of *mise en scène* and costume. The English genius reveals itself in exactly the opposite quality. Their actors play, as Frith and Mulready paint, without forgetting a slit in a pantaloons, a wrinkle in the corner of an eye, a grain of dust. Does the scenery represent a country nook? It resembles one of Constable's landscapes. Every pains is taken to render it more truthful and striking. The boards are covered with a carpet of green; the actress who plays the farmer's wife washes her hands with soft soap. Nothing is neglected to complete the illusion, and everything recalls the actualities of life by a special and very attractive realism. One of Dickens's novels, a picture by

Millais, and an English comedy, produce the very same impression. The reason is that English art, in its most diverse manifestations, from literature to sculpture, has a national flavour, which is one of its merits as well as one of its faults. The audience, almost entirely English, showed how it appreciated this careful finish. Their applause was deafening. The French also applauded gallantly, to welcome the foreign artists. Moreover, Mr. Sothorn was supported by actors of talent. The gentleman who played the American cousin was very amusing and original, and the French were charmed, almost astonished, by the grace of Miss Rose Henney—another dramatic success abroad—who played a farmeress to the life, and admirably led off a 'national country dance,' which was encored.

Madame Ristori's second visit to Paris, in 1867, although her reputation was too well established to make it other than a success, could hardly be expected to turn out the triumph that it had been ten years previously, for the strange but simple reason that Rachel was dead. The Parisian public occasionally resembles those coquettes who offer their hand to an acquaintance solely to make another die of rage. There had been a rupture between it and Mademoiselle Rachel. All friendly relations were suspended. The tragedian had migrated from Paris to St. Petersburg, and gossips were not wanting who believed her capable of taking part in the Crimean war, and of siding with Russia against France. The public who had filled her pockets with national five-franc pieces bore her a grudge for accepting roubles from foreign hands. The breach, absurd as it may seem, was complete.

At that moment Madame Ristori appeared. She possessed, and still possesses, incontestable talent. They received her with open arms, and at once mounted her on a pedestal. Rachel received as so many stabs every round of applause bestowed on her rival, and the fame of Adolphe Ristori swelled to hyperbolic proportions. Although their enthusiasm has since calmed down,

the Italian personator of Medea and Myrrha may lay claim to undisputed honours. As Elisabetta, Queen of England, Ristori was less effective than as Maria Stuarda. The haughty part of the virgin despot less accords with her powers than the resigned but still proud personage of her victim. She earned plenty of bouquets and bravos, and well deserved them. Like Frédéric, Madame Ristori is the soul of the piece; and when she is not on the stage, people look about the house and cease to listen. This may in some measure be the fault of her company, who, with two or three exceptions, were but moderate actors.

The Parisian public, moreover, has an eye as hard to please as their ear. They must have good scenery and an attempt at illusion. They will never admit, for instance, that Queen Elizabeth's court is composed of four men-at-arms and an equally considerable number of nobles. For some time past they have been unaccustomed to conventional troubadour costume, and the Italian way of getting up their pieces will always be apt to make them smile. In Italy they are not particular about local colouring. In changing the scenes, whether the story is laid in the middle ages or in classic antiquity, the furniture will be removed by footmen dressed in the laced liveries of Louis XV., and a really handsome scene will be spoiled by the introduction of an anachronism.

In Madame Ristori's company at the Théâtre Italien all the lords of Elizabeth's court were costumed as opera-singers. Others, in Maria Stuarda, clad in doublets of the sixteenth century, elbowed their comrades disguised as carnival mousquetaires. Then, as soon as their speech was declaimed, or their scraps of repartee thrown into the dialogue, they hastily set three steps backwards, and seemed to take no further interest in the action, exactly like a tenor who, as soon as he has sung his bravura, evidently manifests a strong desire to take refuge in the wings.

This is a general fault with most Italian actors. Their voice alone is animated. While their lips are

uttering warm protestations of love or deadly threats, their countenance remains calm and unmoved. Hardly do they knit their brows; there is no play of the physiognomy, very few gestures, for—with the exception of the Neapolitans and the national buffoons—the Italian actors are sober in their gestures to a degree which surprises those who expect some marked manifestation of southern passion.

It has been asked, Why need they trouble themselves about gestures, when their harmonious language adapts itself so admirably to the expression of every emotion? Telegraphic movements were invented to help those who cannot speak to each other. But the great majority of Italian actors are far too dependent upon the prompter. They have either not the time or the industry to get their parts properly by heart; and our own theory is, that the attention which ought to be bestowed in suiting the action to the word is entirely occupied in catching the words as supplied by the prompter.

Often their utterance is a sort of recitative, which is not without its charm, causing you even to forget the deficiencies of their scenery or rendering scenery unnecessary. In day theatres, as in the old Roman amphitheatre at Verona, they play whole dramas in the open sunshine, almost without a back scene, with no paint on the actors' cheeks, and in any procurable costume. The audience, seated on the rough stone steps, cares little about the decorations or the dresses. It listens to the music of Italian speech, and is as much touched by professions of affection and cries of despair as it could be by theatrical performances conducted in the usual way. It forgets, or is ignorant of, dramatic conventionalities; whereas in Paris the least solecism which strikes the eye offends as much as a fault in speaking would shock the ear. Thus, for instance, when the Parisians see Elizabeth, Queen of England, enter, and hear her speak French, the thing seems quite natural; whilst they are, if not shocked, at least surprised to hear the same English

Elizabeth speak Italian. In like manner they distort 'London' into 'Londres'—and indeed take the same liberties with almost all proper names—but they smile when Italians presume to call Paris 'Parigi.' Why do, not only Madame Ristori, but also her companions, appear superior in Medea and Myrrha? The reason is that, in antique subjects,

the spectator is out of his depth, and avows his ignorance. He is not then offended by details which may or may not be incorrect, Tragedy having long accustomed him to an idealised theatre, which he accepts as traditional and without requiring an inventory of its wardrobe.

THE STORY OF A CASHMERE SHAWL.

I WAS travelling down country from 'the Hills,' or, as we should less irreverently say in England, the Himalaya Mountains. I was halting at Meerut, which, as everybody knows, is the best station in the North Western Provinces. I had put up at the *dak* bungalow, which, as everybody knows also, is a resting-house for travellers by the road. People go by the rail now, and *dak* bungalows have nearly disappeared, so I may as well mention what the place was like.

Outside you saw simply a low house with a high roof, the latter covered with thatch; a verandah in the front and rear, supported by pillars covered with a hard composition called *chunam*; openings serving the double purpose of doors and windows, guarded by green blinds, called *jilmils* in India and *jalousies* in France, and not called at all in England, where they are little known; the whole standing in an enclosure, known as a compound, containing little else than a cook-house and a couple of huts for servants. Inside you find yourself in one of the two principal apartments—as dreary a place as could conveniently be made of four whitewashed walls, a *chunam* floor, and a ceiling of stretched canvas, threatening to give way in some places, and flapping unpleasantly whenever the wind blows. A rough table of toon wood, three chairs, and the chronic bedstead of the country, called a *charpoy*, completes the furniture of the place, with the exception of a little bookcase against the wall, where a tract society deposits some

improving publications for the use of travellers.

I had taken my bath in the adjoining little den devoted to the purpose (that is to say, I had poured a dozen chatties of water over my head, in the primitive fashion of the country), and was lounging in the verandah, in an elegant *négligé* costume, while the *khanamah* was preparing the inevitable spatchcock, eggs, and tea for my breakfast, when I heard the sound of hoofs, and immediately saw a stranger, who rode into the compound and saluted me.

He was a fine-looking Englishman, unexceptionably mounted, and dressed in a style which in England we should consider a cross between a cricketing and a shooting costume.

'I am speaking, I think, to Mr. —,' said he.

I bowed acquiescence.

'I was in here an hour ago, making some inquiries about a murder which has taken place not far off—saw your name on your baggage, but would not disturb you then. You have not breakfasted, I hope. My name is Welwyn.'

I knew the name well—that was that of a high official of the station, and we both belonged to the same service. The result of a short conversation was, that I made the *khanamah* a present of my breakfast, and had myself and my baggage removed to the house of my new acquaintance.

Such a charming house it was. Nothing like the *dak* bungalow, you may be sure. It stood in a garden

rich with foliage and flowers. It was of very large size, though it had no upper story, and was surmounted by the usual thatched roof. The rows of open *jilmitis* on the two sides presented to view indicated a large amount of interior accommodation, and you could see some of the apartments inside through the *chicks* used to keep out the flies. The front verandah was of enormous size, and peopled by a little colony of servants—chupprassies, bearers, and a couple of ayahs—to say nothing of a native sentry who paced up and down. All rose as we approached and made their salaams, even to a tailor who was seated in a corner engaged with some gauzy articles of female costume. It was a very prosperous-looking mansion in every respect; and the impression was completed when we entered the drawing-room, which was luxuriously furnished, adorned everywhere with flowers, and enriched with works of art upon the walls—objects not very common in the upper provinces of India.

Half reclining on an ottoman was a lady, reading a novel. Such a charming lady! I knew her well by reputation as the beauty of the station—everybody hears of everybody else in India, so that they are in the same presidency. But I was not prepared to find the reputation so well deserved, for ladies are so revered among Anglo-Indians that their charms are apt to get exaggerated by description. Not that she was a person to take your admiration by storm. Hers was a pretty little compact style of beauty, and one of her chief charms was a pervading expression of indolence which centered itself in her eyes. But it was the indolence of command, and I soon found that Mrs. Welwyn was thoroughly accustomed to have her own way. She was quite young, I may also remark, and had been only two years in the country.

Her husband presented me in due form, and then hurried away, to make his toilette for breakfast. We were complete friends by the time he returned. I had learned many personal particulars concerning her-

self, and was placed in possession of a very fair summary of her tastes and opinions: on the other hand, I had imparted as much about myself as was likely to convey a flattering impression, and had of course mentioned, among other things, that I was on my way home to England.

This gave Mrs. Welwyn an idea. During breakfast she said—

'Charles, as Mr. — is going home, he can take that shawl for Sophie. She is my favourite sister, and you know I promised her faithfully.'

You see this imperious lady did not consider it necessary to request my services.

'That' shawl has first to be procured,' remarked her husband.

'Oh! that is easy.' To a chupprassie who had just brought in a note, 'Cashmere ka Kuppra wallah bulao.'

'I will see if it is of any use to call him,' said her husband; 'but I think there is a good man in the bazaar.' And he gave some more definite directions to the attendant.

In less than an hour a travelling merchant, well known in the station, made his appearance in the verandah, accompanied by two coolies carrying large bales of merchandise. A great cloth was spread upon the ground, and upon this his wares were soon unrolled and displayed to the best advantage.

I admired one in which I thought the colours were particularly well harmonized. Mrs. Welwyn tossed it aside, saying—

'Oh! that is not of the best kind. You see it is worked upon a plain material, on one side. The woven ones—those that have the pattern and the fabric all woven together—those are the best.'

'They are certainly the most expensive,' said her husband, drily; 'the best of these will cost three thousand rupees.'

The merchant nodded his head. 'Oh! speak in pounds,' said the little lady.

'Well, three hundred pounds.' And the merchant explained that if specially ordered they might be made to cost a great deal more, the manufacturers being very complai-

sant in this respect. But you may get a very good woven shawl for a hundred pounds, and prices range below that. A good worked shawl may be had for as little as twenty pounds.

In the course of the conversation that followed—madame was a long time making her choice—I picked up many particulars concerning Cashmere shawls, which I have verified by subsequent reference to authorities. In the first place, they do not all come from Cashmere. A considerable proportion of this manufacture is now carried on in British territory. Between thirty and forty years ago it was entirely confined to Cashmere. But a terrible famine visited the land, and, in consequence, numbers of the shawl-weavers emigrated to the Punjab, and settled in Umritzur, Narpur, Dinangar, Tilaknath, Jellapur, and Loodianah, in all of which places the manufacture continues to flourish. The best shawls of Punjab manufacture are made at Umritzur, which is also an emporium of the trade. But none of these can compete with the best shawls made in Cashmere itself. This is partly because the Punjab manufacturers are not able to obtain the finest species of wool, and partly on account of the inferiority of their dyeing, the excellence of which, in Cashmere, is attributed to some chemical peculiarity in the water.

The raw woollen substances used in the manufacture of Cashmere shawls and other articles of dress of the same description are six in number. There is, in the first place, the *Pushum*, or shawl wool, properly so called, which is a downy substance, found next to the skin and below the thick hair of the Thibetan goat. It is of three colours—white, drab, and dark lavender. The best kind is produced in the semi-Chinese provinces of Turfan Kichar, and exported, *via* Yarkand, to Cashmere. All the finest shawls are made of this wool, but as the Maharajah of Cashmere keeps up a strict monopoly of the article, the Punjab shawl-weavers have to be content with an inferior kind of *Pushum*, produced at Chatan.

The price of white *Pushum* at Cashmere is from three to four shillings a pound for uncleaned, and from six to seven shillings a pound for cleaned.

Next on the list is the fleece of the Dumba sheep of Caubul and Peshawur. It is used in the manufacture of the finer sorts of chogas—a choga being an outer cloak or robe, with sleeves, worn by Afghans, and other Mahomedans of the western frontier. This is sometimes called *Caubuli Pushum*.

Thirdly we come to the *wahab shaki*, or *Kirmani wool*. This is the wool of a sheep found in Kirman, a tract of country in the south of Persia, by the Persian Gulf. It is used for the manufacture of a spurious kind of shawl cloth, and for adulterating the texture of Cashmere shawls.

Next we find the hair of a goat common in Caubul and Peshawur, called *Put*, from which a texture called *Puttoo* is made.

The woolly hair of the camel supplies the material for a coarser kind of choga.

Lastly, we come to the wool of the country sheep of the plains.

The adulteration of the best wool with that of inferior kinds has been largely practised of late years, and dealers have made many complaints on the subject. One of the worst effects of this adulteration is the shrinking of those portions of the garment in which it is employed after exposure to the action of water. In Cashmere there are severe penal restrictions to the practice; and in our own territories a Company or Guild has been formed to authenticate the genuine articles by means of trade marks, the imitation of which may be punished by law.

For the preparation of the shawl wool great care is necessary. The first operation is cleaning it. This is generally performed by women. The best kind is cleaned with lime and water, but ordinary wool is shaken up with flour. The next process is that of separating the hair from the *pushum*. It is a very tedious operation, and the value of the cloth subsequently

manufactured varies with the amount of care bestowed upon it. The wool thus cleaned and sorted is spun into thread with the common *churka*, or native spinning machine. This is also a process requiring great care. White *pushmees* thread of the finest quality will sometimes cost as much as 2*l.* 10*s.* a pound. The thread is next dyed, and is then ready for the loom.

The spinning, like the cleaning, is principally performed by women, of whom, some years ago, no less than a hundred thousand were said to be employed in this manner. Girls begin at the age of ten. They commence their employment at day-break, working with but little intermission during the day, and sometimes far into the night—especially when the moonlight enables them to save the expense of oil lamps. This is a prosaic state of existence suggestive rather of Manchester than Cashmere—

‘With its roses the brightest the earth ever gave,
Its temples and grottoes and fountains as clear
As the love-lighted eyes that hang over their
wave.’

In Cashmere there is no Ten Hours Bill, and the ‘love-lighted eyes’ have to hang for very long hours over work for which their owners get very poorly paid—albeit the payment is on a regulation scale, and adapted to the mode of life and requirements of the population.

A dealer called a *Puinungu* keeps a shop for the purchase of yarn, and he also sends people to collect it from the houses of the spinners, his emissaries giving notice of their approach by the sound of a bell. The yarn is then sold to the weavers. Having ascertained the pattern most likely to suit the market, the weaver applies to persons whose business it is to apportion the material according to the colours required; and when this is settled he takes it to another, whose function it is to divide it into skeins of the necessary proportions. When thus prepared it is delivered to the *Rungrez*, or dyer. When the body of the cloth is to be left plain the second quality of yarn is alone given to be dyed. This is generally of about the thickness of common cotton sewing

thread, is of a coarser quality than the yarn used for the cloth, and is prepared for employment in flowers or other ornaments—which are intended to stand higher, and be, as it were, embossed upon the ground.

The first operation of the dyer is to steep the yarn in cold water. He professes to be able to give it sixty-four tints, most of which are permanent. Each has a separate denomination; thus the crimson is called *Gulanar*, the name of the pomegranate flower. Of this dye the best kind is that derived from cochineal imported from Hindustan; inferior tints are from lac and cherries; logwood is used for other red dyes. Blues and greens are dyed with indigo, or colouring matter made by boiling down European broad cloth. Logwood and indigo are imported. Carnatus and saffron, which grow in Cashmere, furnish tints of orange, yellow, &c. The whiter and finer the fibre of the wool, and the finer the yarn into which it is made, the more capable is it of receiving a brilliant dye; and this is one reason why the fine white wool of the goat is preferred to that of sheep. The occupation of a dyer, I may here mention, is always hereditary.

The yarn next passes into the hands of a person called the *Nakatu*, who adjusts it for the warp and the weft. That intended for the former is double, and is cut into certain lengths, anything short of which is considered fraudulent. The number of these lengths varies from two to three thousand, according to the closeness or openness of the texture proposed, and the fineness or coarseness of the yarn. The weft is made of yarn which is single, but a little thicker than the double yarn or twist of the warp. The weight of the weft is estimated at double that of the warp. The *Nakatu* receives the yarn in hanks, but returns it in balls; he can prepare in one day the warp and weft for two shawls. Next comes a functionary called by the alarming name of the *Pennakunguru* (which merely means warp-dresser), who takes from the weaver the yarn which has been cut and reeled, and, stretching the

lengths by means of sticks into a band, of which the threads are slightly separate, dresses the whole by dipping it into thick boiled rice-water. After this the skein is slightly squeezed, and again stretched into a band, which is brushed and suffered to dry. By this process every length becomes stiffened and set apart from the rest.

For the warp on the border of the shawl silk is generally employed; and it has the advantage of showing the darker colours of the dyed wool more prominently than a warp of yarn, as well as hardening and strengthening and giving more body to the edge of the cloth. When the border is very narrow it is woven with the body of the shawl, but when broader it is worked on a different loom, and afterwards sewn to the edge of the shawl by the *Rafugar*, or fine-drawer, with the nicety which belongs to his craft. The silk is twisted for the border warp by a person called the *Tabgar*. By him it is handed to the *Alakaband*, who reels it and cuts it into the proper lengths. The operation of drawing, or passing the yarns through the heddles, is performed in the same manner as in Europe; and the warp is then taken by the *Shal-baf*, or weaver, to the loom. The weavers are all males, and they begin to learn their art at the age of ten years. The loom does not differ in principle from the looms of Europe, but is of inferior workmanship. A large establishment has perhaps three hundred looms, which are generally crowded together in long, low apartments. When the warp is fixed in the loom, the pattern-drawer (I will spare the reader more native names) and the persons who determine the proportions of the different colours in the yarn, are again consulted. The first brings the drawing of the pattern in black and white. One of the latter, having carefully considered it, points out the disposition of the colours, beginning at the foot of the pattern; calling out the colour, the number of threads to which it is to extend, that by which

it is to be followed, and so on in succession, until the whole pattern has been described. From his dictation his companion writes down the particulars in a kind of shorthand, and delivers a copy of the document to the weavers.

The needles—which are without eyes—are made of light smooth wood, and have both their sharp ends slightly charred, to prevent them from becoming rough or jagged through working. They are armed each with coloured yarn of about four grains weight, and then the weavers, under proper inspection, knot the yarn of the *tuji* to the warp. The face of the cloth is placed next to the ground, the work being carried on at the back, on which hang the needles in a row—differing in number from four to fifteen hundred, according to the lightness or heaviness of the embroidery. As soon as the inspector is satisfied that the work of one line or woof is completed, the comb is brought down upon it with a vigour and repetition apparently very disproportionate to the delicacy of the materials.

The shawls, when finished, are submitted to the cleaner, whose business is to free it from discoloured hairs, or yarn, and from ends or knots. Sometimes he pulls these objects out severally with a pair of tweezers; at others he shaves the reverse face of the cloth with a sharp knife; and any defects arising from either operation are at once repaired. At this stage of the manufacture the shawls are sent to the collector of the Stamp Duties, by whom an *ad-valorem* duty of twenty-six per cent. is levied, and each piece is then stamped and registered. The goods are now handed over to the capitalist, who has advanced money on them to the manufacturer, and to the broker, and these two settle the price and effect the sale to the merchant. The capitalist charges interest on his advances, the broker a commission varying from two to five per cent. The purchaser takes the goods unwashed, and perhaps in pieces, and the fine-drawer and the washerman have still to do their parts. When

partly washed the shawls are taken to the merchant, that they may be examined in respect to any holes or imperfections. Should defects occur they are remedied at the expense of the seller; if there are none the washing is completed. This process is performed in clear cold water, soap being used very cautiously to the white parts alone, and never to embroidery. Coloured shawls are dried in the shade; white ones are bleached in the open air, and their colour is improved by the fumes of sulphur. After being washed the shawls are stretched in a manner in some degree equivalent to calendering. A wooden cylinder, in two parts, is employed for the purpose. The shawl, folded in such a manner as not to be quite so broad as the cylinder is long, is wrapped round it, and occasionally damped, to make the fold tighter. The end is sewn down, and two wedges are then gradually driven between the two parts of the cylinder at the open extremities, so as to force them asunder, the surrounding folds of the shawl being thus stretched to as great an extent as is consistent with its texture. The piece remains in this state for two days, when it is removed to be packed. The packages are of various dimensions, but they are formed on one principle. The shawls are separated by sheets of smooth, glazed, and coloured paper, and they are placed between two smooth planks of wood, with exterior transverse, which, projecting beyond the planks, offer a purchase for cords to tie them together. The whole is then placed in a press, or under heavy weights, for some days, when the planks are withdrawn, and the bale is sewn up in strong cloth. Over this a cover of birch-bark is laid, to which is added an envelope of waxed cloth; the whole being sewn up as smoothly and lightly as possible in a raw hide, which, contracting in the course of drying, gives to the contents of the package a remarkable degree of compactness and protection.

The shawl made in the manner described is one of the two kinds manufactured in Cashmere. The

other—the worked as distinguished from the woven shawl—is embroidered on the cloth, with needles having eyes, and with a particular kind of woollen thread instead of the silk employed in the other embroidered work. In this shawl the pattern—which is in every case delineated, but which, at the loom, is read off in certain technical terms from a book—is covered with transparent paper, upon which the outlines of the composition are slightly traced with a charcoal twig, the traced lines being permanently defined by means of pricks from a small needle. The cloth intended to receive the pattern is rubbed strongly upon a smooth plank with a piece of highly-polished agate or cornelian until it is perfectly even and regular. The picked pattern is then stretched upon the cloth, and some fine coloured powder, charcoal, or chalk, is passed lightly over the paper, and, penetrating the holes, transfers the outline to the cloth underneath. This is next more accurately delineated by some coloured powder, rendered tenacious by gum, but readily detached when the work is completed.

The ornaments of shawls are distinguished by different names, as *pala*, *hashia*, *zanjir*, *dhour*, &c., and these are divided into different parts. By the term *pala* is meant the whole of the embroidery at the two ends, or, as they are technically called, the heads of the shawl; the *hashia* is the border, commonly running along the sides; the *zanjir* runs above and also below the principal mass of the *pala*, and, as it were, confines it; the *dhour*, or running ornament, is situated to the inside in regard to the *hashia* and the *zanjir*, enveloping immediately the whole of the field. The *kumbutha* is a corner ornament, or clustering of flowers; the *mattan* is the decorated part of the field or ground. *Butha* is the generic term for flowers, but it is specifically applied when used alone to the large cone-like ornament which forms the most prominent feature of the *pala*—that which is familiarly known in England as ‘shawl pattern.’

Cashmere shawls are of more than

one shape. There are the *doshallas*, or long shawls, which are the most esteemed. They are invariably manufactured and sold in pairs. They vary greatly according to the richness of the patterns, all of which are distinctly named, and according to the colours, of which the dyers profess to make upwards of fifty tints. Fine long shawls, with plain fields of handsome patterns, are procurable at about a hundred and twenty pounds a pair, and full-flowered at about a hundred and fifty. The *kussabas*, or square shawls, are more suited to the taste of Europeans, and are made and sold singly. They are also called *roomals*, the loom-manufactured being known as *kunes roomal*, and the needle-embroidered as *unlee roomal*. *Jameewars* form the third great class. They are handsome, striped, loom-wrought fabrics, of rich patterns, of which the French striped coloured muslins are printed imitations. The fourth class is called *ulwan*. This is a plain shawl-wool cloth, woven without flower or ornament. It forms the centre portion of shawls, and is also used for turbans and girdles.

I have already alluded to the cost of Cashmere shawls, but it may be here mentioned that the price of a woven shawl weighing seven pounds, fetching 300*l.* on the spot, may be accounted for in this manner:—

Cost of material, including thread	£
Wages of labour	80
Miscellaneous expenses	50
Duty	70
	£250

The other fifty pounds, it may be presumed, is to be accounted for between the middle man and the merchant.

The demand for the manufacture is necessarily very great in India, where shawls are so largely employed for presents, not only among native chiefs, but by the British Government. It seems, however, according to the latest returns, that the demand has been falling off of late years in Europe. Thus we find that in the year 1850-51 the value of the shawls imported into the United Kingdom was 134,738*l.* In

1856-57 it had risen to 227,907*l.*; but in the following year (that succeeding the Mutinies) it had fallen to 171,529*l.* There was a reaction in 1858-59, when it rose to 228,812*l.*; but in 1865, the latest date to which the returns extend, it had fallen to 142,916*l.* France appears to have taken only 9*l.* worth of the manufacture in 1850-51; but the value has gradually increased, and in 1864-65 we find it reaching 77,582*l.* The exportations to other countries do not suggest remark, except as regards America. In 1863 the United States took 1,447*l.* worth of shawls; in the following year she took only 27*l.* worth. In 1864-65 the amount rose to 3,148*l.*—thanks to shoddy and petroleum.

It has already been mentioned that a similar kind of manufacture to that of Cashmere is conducted in some other parts. Thus in Delhi shawls are made of *pushmees*, worked with silk and embroidered with gold lace. A very delicate shawl is made of the wool of a sheep found in the neighbourhood of Ladak and Kulu. The best wool is procurable in a village called Rampur, on the Sutlej; hence the fabric is called 'Rampur chudda.' This shawl (*chudda* means literally 'a sheet') is of so delicate a texture that even though thick and warm, and of full size, it may be drawn through a finger-ring.

It will be seen from the preceding description of the wool employed in the manufacture of the true Cashmere shawl considerable importance is attached to the fact that it should in all cases consist of the down called *pushum*; but the preference given to the goat-wool does not seem to be merely on account of its superior fineness. These *downs* act as a protection from the intense cold; and it is probable that all the hair-bearing animals in the same regions possess them to some extent. The yak and camel, and even the shepherd's dog, certainly do; and the down of the two former is often found to be quite as fine as that of the shawl-goat itself. Again, the beautifully-fine sheep's wool of which the Rampur chudder is said to be made frequently equals in softness that of the goat. The preference

given to the latter has probably a great deal to do with its reception of dyes. The down—at any rate as far as the goat is concerned—is taken from the animal when alive, the outer hair being sheared off and the down then removed. The operation is performed in the warm weather, when the down becomes loosened, and the animals themselves, finding it an incumbrance, help to get rid of it by means of their horns, or by rubbing themselves against trees, &c.

A great many of the above facts were discussed during our examination of the shawl-merchant's wares in my friend's verandah, the servants looking on with a keen interest in the proceedings; for when once the dealer was satisfied they would not fail to claim their *dustoor*, or little commission on their master's purchase. Fortunately for them this was a transaction to the extent of 300*l.*, for Mrs. Welwyn would have nothing but the best article, and Welwyn was evidently not the man to deny her. He gave an order for the money like a hero, and the man departed with many salaams. Welwyn, by-the-way, might easily have obtained such a shawl as a gift from any of the neighbouring chiefs, but government servants are forbidden to receive presents of any kind, which their ladies naturally consider a great hardship. Upon state occasions, when courtesy demands the reception of presents, they are all paid in by the recipients, like so much money, to the government treasury.

Welwyn had been in Cashmere, and agreed with other critics of the country in *not* going to the lengths of laudation arrived at by the author of 'Lalla Rookh.' 'It is very fortunate,' said he, 'that Moore never visited the country, or we should never have had the poem. The scenery is wonderfully beautiful, and the climate one of the most delicious on the face of the earth; but I confess I have never seen the extraordinary beauty of the women—it may be for the reason that applies to India generally, that the best-looking ladies are taken too much care of to be allowed to appear in public. Victor Jacquemont,

you may remember, calls Moore "a perfumer and a liar to boot," and he could see no beauty in the ladies, nor even in the shawls. But Jacquemont, with all his abilities, had the weakness of never praising what was praised by other people. He liked to invent his own objects of adoration. In one of his letters he tells us that he found "celestial happiness" in a bunch of rhubarb. Vigne, on the other hand, declares that the beauty of the Cashmere women has not been at all overrated. They are, he says, of course deficient in the graces and fascinations derivable from cultivation and accomplishments; but for mere uneducated eyes he knows none, he says, that surpass those of Cashmere.'

In the course of conversation Mrs. Welwyn—who took rather a lady-like view of politics—suggested that as Cashmere is such a charming place the English government ought to take it. 'It would be so nice,' she added. 'Why, shawls would come to us quite naturally.' The consequence assumed by my delightful friend is not indisputable; but there are a great many people in India who regret that Lord Dalhousie's aggressions did not extend to the land of the 'love-lighted eyes.' It is not more wrong to take a pretty country than an ugly one, and 'Alexander the Great,' as Lord Dalhousie used to be called, might possibly have found as good an excuse in the case of Cashmere as he found in some other cases. But there were certainly difficulties in the way. In 1846, after the submission of Gholab Singh, and the British occupation of the Punjab, a million and a-half sterling was demanded as an indemnity for the expenses of the campaign. The Sikh treasury could not furnish that sum according to agreement, and Sir Henry Hardinge proclaimed Cashmere as annexed by way of a substitute. But Gholab Singh offered to purchase the country of the British government for a million sterling, and the offer was accepted, the sovereignty being guaranteed to Gholab Singh and his heirs for ever. Its annexation would therefore, in the

present day, be attended by some conscientious difficulties, though there are not wanting a few ardent politicians who incline to such a course. The ruler, however, acknowledges the supremacy of the British, and in token thereof presents our government annually with a tribute consisting of one horse, twelve perfect shawl-goats of approved breed (six male and six female), and three pairs of Cashmere shawls. So there is a chance, supposing that the Maharajah or any of his 'heirs for ever' should prove refractory, that the paramount power may step in, and that we shall find an opportunity of testing the soundness of Mrs. Welwyn's idea as to 'shawls coming naturally,' and have the 'love-lighted eyes,' whatever they may be worth, all to ourselves at any rate.

I have a word more to say about the shawl that has led to the diffusion of so much useful knowledge. I took it home to England, delivered it in person, and brought it back to India with a young lady inside it. That shawl is now my own property; for the lady cannot, according to the law of England, hold any earthly possession in her own right, except some little things that I have settled upon her, as the British government did Cashmere upon Gholab Singh. I am the paramount power, but she has her own claims as far as these are concerned. The fact is that the

shawl was such an excellent introduction to the young lady that she took an immediate interest in me; and I would advise anybody who wishes to acquire personal property in female form to spend three hundred pounds upon the purchase of a Cashmere shawl. The consequence was natural. If the unmarried had been only as nice as the married sister I should have been content; but—well I will not go into particulars. I will simply say that the Cashmere shawl in question made me a happy man. I have reason to believe that Cashmere is properly pronounced Cushman, and, if spelt according to a recognized system as regards Roman characters, should be written 'Kushmir.' Never mind. The name sounds ugly, looks ugly, and would never have suited the author of 'Lalla Rookh.' But they may call the country and the shawl anything they please. What's in a name? Cashmere with any other name would have just as many roses; and its shawls, if called by worse names than *roomals*, would shelter just as pleasant persons—persons with advantages superior, it may be, even to those of that charming Mrs. Welwyn, who is just a little too dictatorial, it must be confessed, but whom I have now the privilege, as a brother-in-law, of bullying at my leisure.

S. L. B.

THE STORY OF ALAN GRAHAM AND CHARLIE BLAIR.

IN FIVE CHAPTERS.

BY TOM SLENDER.

CHAPTER I.

'WELL, Alan, this is the last of your bachelor days, and tomorrow you'll bid farewell to liberty, and will put on the fetters of married life. The thought of it does not seem to weigh heavily upon you, I must say,' said Charlie Blair to his friend Alan Graham, as they sat in their old places in Graham's room, sending forth clouds of smoke from their darkly-coloured meerschaum pipes.

Alan Graham made no reply, but only puffed away, apparently watching the the volumes of smoke as they ascended and merged into the thick atmosphere of the room.

'I wonder whether she will let you smoke,' continued Charlie Blair, chuckling, as he said it, at the idea of his old friend's liberty being curtailed, and thinking the while that, after all, matrimony might not be such a haven of bliss.

Still Alan Graham remained silent. Even the possibility of an interference with his favourite habit could not elicit a reply:

'What is the matter? Why don't you speak? You are not faint-hearted, surely, now, at the eleventh hour?'

'I'll tell you what it is, Charlie. I am puzzled, fairly puzzled, by old Barlow. I cannot make him out. Not one word has he ever said about settlements.'

'But I thought it was understood that Mary Barlow would have two thousand a year.'

'Well, yes; it was so—indeed old Barlow told me so himself, and that I ought to consider myself a very lucky fellow to begin life so comfortably. But somehow I should like to have it all down in black and white, signed, sealed, and delivered.'

'You don't mean that he has made no settlement?'

'Yes I do.'

'But why don't you insist upon it?'

'What can a poor devil like me do in such a matter, with only my three hundred a year? Whenever the subject has been mooted he shirked it, saying it is all right, and that he has settled it all with Creyke, his man of business. I can't affront old Barlow. How do I know he might not break off the marriage, and send me to the right-about? I wish I had some one—a father, an uncle, or a guardian—to fight for me. But, you see, I have no one to stand by me; I am alone in the world, and have to shift for myself. Everybody tells me that I am the luckiest fellow alive in marrying old Barlow's only child—and perhaps I am.'

'I dare say he will set it all straight to-morrow before you go to church.'

'Not very likely, I am afraid. I wish it might be so. Half the promised sum would content me if it were but settled.'

'You don't mean that you think the old fellow shaky—that he is only a bubble?'

'Not at all. But I've seen enough of commercial men to know that in business there's nothing certain, that's all.'

'Well, never mind. Let the worst

come to the worst, you will soon be behind the scenes, for you will be a partner in the concern in no time, and if I know anything of you you will not be long in ferreting out the truth. So "cheer up, Sam, and don't let your spirits go down."

Alan Graham and Charlie Blair had been friends through school and college days. They had battled with life successfully, and Alan Graham, with a private income of three hundred a year, was going to marry the only child of a man who had the reputation of being possessed of considerable wealth. These two friends had lived together in Glasgow, and as Charlie Blair had a few thousand pounds of his own, they had managed to 'rub on' comfortably enough, lodging in the same house. The marriage of Alan Graham with Mary Barlow dissolved the partnership between him and Charlie Blair.

The wedding went off like other weddings. There was the right proportion of gay and bright colours, contrasting favourably with the white dresses of the bride and her four bridesmaids. The sumptuous breakfast given by Mr. Barlow, in honour of his daughter's marriage, amply justified his reputation for wealth, and when 'the happy pair' drove off amidst a shower of old satin shoes, many a young man envied Alan Graham his good fortune, while the elders pronounced him to be a lucky man. Charlie Blair was not quite so sure of the fact, as he was more behind the scenes, and had learned from his friend that old Barlow had not said a word about settlements, though he had been generous enough in supplying his son-in-law with ample means to defray the expenses of his wedding tour. When Alan Graham and his fair and comely bride—for she was all that those words express—returned to Glasgow, they rented a small house in Mr. Barlow's neighbourhood, that she might be near her father, and he not far from the office in which he was to spend the greater part of his time. At first Mary Graham felt very lonely in her new home; but as her old friends gathered round her, and welcomed her back amongst them, she

became accustomed to look for companionship out of her house. Her greatest friends were Mary Bland and Rachel Gurney, the pretty Quakeress, who had somewhat departed from the traditional demureness of her persuasion, and was one of the brightest and gayest of the Glasgow belles.

Charlie Blair was a frequent visitor, and almost as great a favourite with Mary Graham as with her husband.

'Where is Alan?' he inquired of his friend's wife, one day when, after waiting for him some time, Alan Graham did not make his appearance.

'Indeed that is more than I can tell you. I only know that he seems to me to stay later every day, and that when he does come home he is tired to death.'

'There's nothing the matter, I suppose? Only business. I declare that, after all, we lawyers are better off; our time is more our own.'

'All lawyers do not say so,' she said; 'but perhaps some work harder than others. But here comes Alan. I heard him shut the street-door, I am sure.'

Alan Graham had come in. His wife's quick ears did not deceive her; but he was tired and worn by the day's work, and went into his own room, and sat down in his arm-chair by the fire, thankful for the rest and the comparative darkness after having worked so long by gas-light. It was one of those short and dark December days when the night seems to set in early, almost before the day is half over.

'I wonder why Alan does not come up?' said Mary Graham. 'It is a bad compliment to us both.'

'I will go and fetch him. He does not know that I am here, and, I dare say, thinks he shall find the room full of your fair friends. Besides, I have some news for him.'

With these closing words Charlie Blair left the room, and, opening the door of his friend's study, found him very much as we have described him, but gazing sadly into the fire.

'Why, Alan, what has happened to you? We heard you come in, and have been expecting you up-

stairs. I have been here ever such a time waiting for you. Come along. Is anything the matter? Nothing wrong at old Barlow's, I hope?'

'Of course not. What can make you think of such a thing? You have not heard of anything, have you?'

'Nothing, upon my word. But how you took me up!'

Alan Graham made no further remark, but, rising from his chair, put his hand on his friend's shoulder and went with him up-stairs, stopping at the door of the drawing-room to inquire, 'Is anybody with Mary?'

'Not a soul. I have been there this hour waiting for you, and thinking you must have absconded altogether.'

'What has happened to you to-day, Alan?' inquired his wife. 'You are later than ever.'

She rose and put a chair for him, saying: 'Now that you are come we will have a comfortable chat by the fire; and as I know your partiality for the blind man's holiday I will blow out the candles.'

Alan Graham thanked his wife for her kind consideration, and Charlie Blair in a moment turned the current of their thoughts into a new direction, by saying: 'Alan! Do you know that I have serious thoughts of cutting the law, and of going out to Australia and trying my luck there?'

'To Australia!' exclaimed Mary Graham, in astonishment.

'Cutting the law!' said her husband, incredulously.

'Yes. Why not? I have fallen in lately with a fellow who has just returned, Mark Halliday. You must remember him. He was at the head of the school when we were in the fifth form. He has got your old rooms, and I have seen a good deal of him. He has not been out long, and he has come home with fifty thousand pounds in his pocket.'

'Did he tell you how many have returned home with nothing in their pockets, Charlie?'

'They were a set of idle fellows, he says. "Ne'er do weels," that would never have succeeded anywhere.'

'And you really are bitten with this mania, and would throw up the law just when you are making a good start?'

'Ah! but think of fifty thousand pounds. Why, I should live like a prince with such a fortune as that.' And he put his hand into his pocket as if he expected to find the sum there, and consoled himself with the prospect as if it were already realized.

'But you surely have not settled it all yet?' asked Mary Graham. 'I did think—'

'Ah! I know what you were thinking, but there is no use in that. They say that two negatives make one affirmative, but I never heard that two empty purses make a full one.'

They were alluding to the pretty Quakeress, to whom Charlie Blair was especially devoted, and Alan Graham and his wife had often spoken of it as a possible event. But Charlie Blair was not 'a marrying man,' and when he looked at the careworn face of his friend he doubted more than ever whether matrimony did really conduce to happiness. At all events, emigration to Australia was the one absorbing idea which had now taken possession of his mind, and he felt considerable relief at having broached the subject to his friends, who would, he well knew, oppose it by every argument in their power. That it was less violently opposed than he expected was owing to the preoccupation of Alan's mind.

The fluctuations to which Mr. Barlow's business was subjected had made Alan Graham an anxious man. He became cautious and reserved as well as moody, and appeared to take less and less interest in things which did not immediately concern himself. Charlie Blair perceived the change in his friend, but failed to attribute it to the real cause.

After many discussions with the Gabriels Charlie Blair parted from his old friends, and accompanied Mark Halliday, who had resolved to earn, as he said, another fifty thousand pounds. 'With that I shall come back and settle in the old

country, and you will do the same, my friend, or my name's not Mark Halliday.'

CHAPTER II

The rude, energetic, hard, outdoor life of Charlie Blair in Australia contrasted strangely with the sedentary, anxious life of Alan Graham in Glasgow.

Charlie Blair had sunk nearly the whole of his capital in the purchase of land, and sheep, and all other things necessary to the life of an Australian farmer. He had placed himself in the hands of the successful Mark Halliday, who certainly prophesied smooth things for his friend. If energy, activity, and cheerful industry presage success, there certainly could be no doubt that Mark Halliday was fully warranted in saying that Charlie Blair would return to England laden with the result of his exertions, and would realize the wish of 'living like a prince.'

Alan Graham in the meanwhile sat at the same desk, poring over the same books, and becoming more and more reserved and thoughtful. He had moved into a larger and more imposing house, and his wife had become one of the *élite* of Glasgow. He had acquired a considerable reputation for business, and the firm of Barlow and Graham ranked high in the commercial world. But Mary Graham's life was not altogether as bright as it seemed; for though she possessed in her children, her house, and her comforts all the elements of happiness, her husband's gravity and increased anxiety cast a gloom over the whole household. She was conscious that, for some reason, his reputed success had failed to promote his happiness, and her own was therefore incomplete.

After the lapse of a few years, during which time they had received frequent letters from Charlie Blair, all written full of the spirit and energy of a man who was working hard with a hope in his life, the mercantile world was convulsed by one of those panics which have been so frequent of late. Mary Graham

became anxious for her husband and father, and the shadow that had fallen across her life deepened as she watched their countenances. Though Alan Graham had learned to control the expression of his face so that few could read there what was passing in his mind, Mary could not be deceived. She saw that something was astir, though she could not tell what. She saw it was not only at home, but as she walked or drove along the street—she saw it in the grave whisperings of knots of men in the corners of the streets, or at the doors of the public buildings, and she inquired of her husband the meaning of it all.

'What has happened, Alan? Everybody seems oppressed as if by some mysterious secret. Something must have happened.'

'Only one or two houses have stopped payment,' he answered, carelessly. 'It had been expected for some time.'

'That means,' she inquired, as calmly as she could, 'that many persons are ruined.'

'I am afraid so. But you need not look so frightened, Mary. It has not come to our turn yet.'

'Yet! How can you speak like that—as if anything so dreadful could happen to us?' As she said this she looked round her luxurious room and at her youngest child, who lay smiling in her lap; and as the word 'yet' rung in her ears, she felt as if she must hear more, be it what it might.

'Alan, why did you say that? Surely there can be no chance of such a disaster for us? My father's house was always considered to be one of the first in Glasgow, and I am sure you have never neglected the business. You cannot be afraid. Are you?'

'Afraid! Well that is putting it strongly, Mary. There is nothing certain in business. Only look at Greaves and Co. There was not a more thriving house going, and now they have not a sixpence. When a large firm like that fails, it gives us all a bit of a shake.'

'I cannot bear to hear you speak so. It is just as if you expected the same fate.'

'It is best to be prepared, is not it, Mary?'

'Yes, I suppose so,' she said after a pause; 'but,' she added, rising as she spoke, and taking her child up in her arms, 'I cannot, and will not, believe it. Will we, darling?' and she kissed her child as she left the room.

Alan Graham sighed as he watched her, and, when the door closed, he said aloud to himself, 'It must come. I am glad this has happened; she will not be so unprepared.'

It was the possibility of such an end to all his labours that had eaten all the brightness out of his life. He had found it impossible to persuade Mr. Barlow to alter his tactics, and every failure made their own more certain.

When that fatal moment came, and the house of Barlow and Graham stopped payment, and Alan was compelled to move into a smaller house in the outskirts of the town, taking with him his father-in-law, whose health had been seriously affected by all he had gone through, he was out of humour with all the world. Though something remained to them after the affairs of the firm had been wound up, their position was so altered that Alan Graham was obliged to seek a situation in an old and well-established house.

'Alan, my father's health is failing rapidly. I fear this shock has been more than he can bear,' said Mary Graham to her husband. 'I wish you could think of him with less bitterness.'

'How can I help it when I find myself in such a plight as this after so many years of hard work? It is enough to try the temper of any man. It never need, it never ought to have been.'

Alan Graham had grown hard, and even his wife's tender pleading for her father was without effect, and when Mr. Barlow died she alone mourned his loss. To her husband his death was a relief, for the sight of the old man sitting in his easy chair was a perpetual source of irritation to him, and kept alive in him the memory of his wrongs.

He forgot how much he owed to his father-in-law in past years. The hard struggle after wealth which had ended in failure, poverty, and defeat had changed his nature, and made him bitter and resentful against the whole world, as though it had conspired against him.

It was late in the spring, some time after all these changes had taken place, when Alan Graham was at his desk in the town, and his wife was alone, wearied after her morning's work of teaching, that the maidservant entered the room to say that a gentleman was at the door inquiring for her master, and when he would be at home. Mary Graham rose and went to the door to give the stranger the information he demanded; but before she could open her lips, she found both her hands seized in his strong grasp, while the well-known voice of Charlie Blair greeted her. It was the pleasantest sound she had heard for long, and after the first sudden surprise was over tears came into her eyes as the past and present contrasted themselves in her mind. There was much to tell and much to hear, and they were glad that when Alan Graham returned home there was nothing left for him to tell.

It was a strange sight when those two friends sat together as they had done some years before—the one so broken in spirits, so careworn, suspicious, and reserved—the other so frank, strong, genial, and generous, ready to trust the whole world, for he had laboured as few can, and his labours had been crowned with success. Mary Graham observed the contrast, and noted the healthy tone of the Australian's mind, as he related the various vicissitudes of his life, and laughed over the mistakes which he had made.

'Alan,' said he, 'you told me I was a fool bent upon my own ruin; but here I am, still young and strong, with full fifty thousand pounds, which, with your help, I intend to invest. We must talk about that by-and-by, but you will allow that I have toiled to some purpose. Look at my hands. Did you ever see such hands? They are like any

labourer's, but they have done me good service, and have served me honestly, for not one penny of that money has been got without toil, and honest toil too.'

Alan Graham could scarcely bear to hear of Charlie Blair's success, and the sight of his great manly frame irritated him almost beyond endurance. How it might have been if he too had been successful, who can tell? As things were the contrast between himself and his friend and the result of their labours overpowered him.

The two friends often met. Charlie Blair was disappointed at the want of sympathy and cordiality in Alan, and lamented it to Mary Graham. She only drew such a picture of her husband's trials and disappointments as disarmed all resentment and moved the pity of their friend.

Towards the close of his sojourn in England, Charlie Blair entrusted Alan Graham with the management of the money which he had, under his advice, invested; and after having satisfied himself that everything was ready for his departure, he set sail, according to his agreement, with Mark Halliday, bent upon making another venture, in the hope of equal success.

Alan Graham experienced a sense of relief at his friend's departure, and occupied himself day by day in the same routine of business. To Mary Graham Charlie Blair's absence was a loss which she felt very deeply. His brave, generous nature, and the tender pity which he felt for his friend's misfortunes, had made sunshine in her altered home, so that when the monotony of her life was again unbroken she became more than ever sensible of the alteration in her husband.

As time went on the gloom increased, till he became so irritable and uncertain in his moods that she was anxious about him; and when this gave way to an unwonted excitement, for which she could not account, she became really alarmed for his health.

After a long interval, during which they received no tidings of Charlie Blair, Alan Graham informed his wife that he intended to take a small

house in the country, as he considered it would be more to her advantage and that of her children if they were removed beyond the air of the suburb in which they lived.

'But can we afford this, Alan?' inquired his wife. 'I had rather remain here than incur any risk.'

'Of course we can, Mary,' he replied. 'Besides, it is only an experiment. If it answers, perhaps I shall buy the place. I shall be glad to see the colour come back into your cheeks again,' he added, with unwonted tenderness.

The whole household soon migrated, and Mary Graham was enchanted with her new abode, which promised to afford her both interest and occupation. As it was well situated near a railway station, Alan Graham was able to attend to his business, so that his wife did not apprehend that he would lose anything by the change.

CHAPTER III.

'Mary,' said Alan Graham to his wife one Sunday, as they sat together in the garden surrounded by their children, 'you are not like the same person you were a few months ago. You look both better and happier. Somehow this place has put new life into you.'

This was true, for Mary Graham delighted in her garden and other country pursuits. She had some poultry, of which she was very proud, as they were a source of profit as well as an amusement to her; besides which she felt as if she had got rid of all the unpleasant associations from which she could not escape in Glasgow. But she was surprised to find that her husband had observed the change in her, especially as when he came home he always seemed too weary to notice what was going on, and as if he only cared for rest and quiet.

'I hope, Alan, you do not quarrel with the change. This is a more healthy place than Glasgow, at least it is to me; besides which I can walk with the children here without let or hindrance. We have had many pleasant excursions together, have not we?' she added,

appealing to the children as she spoke. Though they were somewhat in awe of their father, and could not understand his silence and reserve, they one and all spoke up in reply to their mother and seconded all she had said.

'It is strange that we have not heard of Charlie Blair,' said Alan Graham, as if thinking aloud.

'Yes, very strange. We have never been so long without hearing, have we?' replied his wife.

Alan Graham made no reply, but sat still, leaning his head upon his hands as he looked down upon the ground. After a while he said, 'The papers speak of a bad season in Australia: I hope he has not suffered. They do not mention what part has felt the drought, nor whether it has been only partial.'

'Poor fellow!' said Mary, 'I trust no misfortune has happened to him; he deserves to prosper.'

'Why so? why more than any one else?' inquired her husband, testily.

'I only meant that he worked so hard and seemed to have so much energy and courage,' she said, apologetically.

'Other people work hard,' he answered. 'I hope you have the same compassion and sympathy for them.'

Mary Graham made no reply. She had become afraid of her husband since she was not allowed to share his thoughts.

Years passed on, and Mary Graham's contentment deepened when her husband bought the house in which they lived, together with some adjoining land, for she argued from it that he was prosperous, though she carefully abstained from asking any questions, as her doing so had invariably annoyed him.

It was strange how Alan Graham had managed to live his life apart from his family. They had nothing in common. Mary Graham knew this, and had grown reconciled to the idea, which was at first almost insupportable. She would often ask herself what it was that had grown up as a wall between them. Was it the love of greed, or the pains of a disappointed ambition?

Letters had been occasionally received from Charlie Blair. He explained his long silence by relating the trials of his life, which had at one time obscured his prospects; but having been able to weather the critical period, he had begun to reap an abundant reward for all his labour and exertions. He sent over by a trusty hand some more of his earnings, entrusting them to his friend, Alan Graham, to invest them profitably and securely.

'I shall not return till I have realised the sum I wish to make. What that is you will not know till I come back with my pockets full,' was the closing passage in one of Charlie Blair's letters.

'I have just seen Arthur Sullivan, who has returned from Australia,' said Alan Graham to his wife, as he threw himself into his arm-chair. 'He gives a flourishing account of Charlie, and says not only that he and Mark Halliday are realising more money than any one else, but that he does not believe that he will ever come back, he seems so infatuated with the life out there.'

Mary hardly knew what to say, for her husband always resented any regard she might show for Charlie Blair. Yet she longed to know more—she longed for his return. He was like an elder brother to her, and she felt that she could trust him in everything.

'Shall you not write to him, Alan, and persuade him to come back? What is the use of all his riches out there? He had much better come home and settle somewhere near us.'

'Certainly not. Every man knows his own affairs best. Why should I persuade him to return, if he prefers to live in Australia? Besides, what good would he do here, living an idle life, after the bustling, active one he has been living?'

Mary could not understand her husband's apparent indifference on the subject, but she laid it all to that hateful love of gain, and wished, in her heart, that there was no such thing as money.

The tide had turned in Alan Graham's favour, and he was again spoken of in Glasgow as a prosperous, thriving man; but his pros-

perity did not make him happier. The recollection of his losses, and of the hard struggle he had had to fight, marred his enjoyment of what he possessed, and he slowly but surely developed into a miser. It was pain and grief to him to part with his money; and even the necessary expenses of his household eventually became a worry and an annoyance to him. Mary Graham watched the inroads of this passion till the necessity of applying to him for money to meet the current expenditure became a sort of nightmare to her. She grew nervous and timid, and prayed more earnestly than she ever did in her life before for the return of Charlie Blair.

'Who else,' thought she, 'can rouse him to grapple with this passion?' But though she prayed the relief did not come.

Her eldest daughter had been married about a twelvemonth, and Mary had gone to the Highlands on a visit to her, taking with her the second girl, who had never been separated from her sister till the day of her marriage with Archibald Campbell. The other children, with the household generally, were left in charge of Jane Macpherson, the old nurse, who had lived with them for many years, through all their troubles, in weal and in woe, and who was both the friend and the servant of her mistress. Alan Graham would often listen to Macpherson when he turned a deaf ear to his wife.

Jane Macpherson had great compassion for her master, who, she said, 'had never been the same man since his troubles;' and were it not that she looked upon him as an afflicted man, she would have oftentimes resented his behaviour to her mistress, whom she designated as 'a fallen angel.'

During Mrs. Graham's absence her husband frequently returned home earlier than his wont. But it did not appear that it was for any especial object. Jane Macpherson related afterwards that she used to hear him pace up and down the study, sometimes speaking to himself aloud; that he would go out, though the nights were cold and dark, and walk up and down

the gravel walk in front of the windows. Sometimes Macpherson would go out to him and ask him to come in and have some tea, or some warm whisky and water, but it was to no purpose.

'What ails the man?' she would say to herself. 'He cannot rest. He'll surely go daft if he goes on like this. Trouble has been too mighty for him, poor man! It is a pity Mr. Blair is not here to keep him company.'

'A gentleman has been inquiring after you, sir,' said one of the clerks to him one morning as he entered his office.

'Do you know who he was?'

'No, sir.'

'Did he state his business?'

'No, sir. He walked away as soon as I told him you were not at home.'

'Did he say he would call again?'

'No, sir. He made no reply.'

Alan Graham made no further inquiries. There was nothing unusual in the fact of any one's calling to see him. Men came to him on business continually; so, feeling convinced that his visitor would call again if he required anything of him, he dismissed the subject altogether from his mind.

CHAPTER IV.

Coming events are said to cast their shadows before. But there are exceptions to every rule.

Alan Graham's visitor was no less a person than Charlie Blair, who had returned to England laden with the fruits of his industry, and uncertain whether to settle in the land of his adoption, or sell his property in Australia and lead a domestic life in his native country. He was surprised and disappointed to find that his friends lived no longer in Glasgow. He had never heard of their having taken a house in the country, and was therefore wholly unprepared for the change. He was anxious to know whether the world had prospered with them; for when he left them they were still suffering from the effects of their reverses, and the unsatisfactory tone of their letters led him to fear that their circumstances were not improved.

Towards the end of the day, a few moments before the office was closed, Alan Graham was startled by the sudden entrance of his friend. He was so overcome by the unexpectedness of the meeting that some time elapsed before he could recover from his astonishment and welcome him as he would have desired. His hesitation and the extreme pallor of his countenance surprised Charlie Blair.

'You look, Alan, as if you had seen a ghost. Had you given me up for dead?' he said, endeavouring to make a joke of his friend's apparent dismay.

'I did not expect you. It is not fair to take one by surprise like this,' he replied, nettled at Blair's remark. 'I began to think it might be a case of second sight. But now that I hear you speak, and see that you are flesh and blood, I must bid you welcome.' And he grasped him by the hand.

Deep down in Alan Graham's heart lay the wish that his friend had remained in Australia among his flocks and his herds; but he did not betray it.

'You will come home with me? I am going there now. It is not more than half an hour by the train, and it is a pleasant walk from the station to my house.'

'Not to-day, Alan, thank you. I have some business to arrange, and I suppose I must make myself look more like other men before I make my appearance in civilized society. But I will walk with you to the station, if you are going now.'

As they walked together Charlie Blair inquired after Mary Graham and the children, and asked more questions than Alan had time to answer. But before they parted he had ascertained that his friends were no longer poor, and, in fact, that Graham was a thriving man. But he also saw that the struggle had been too hard a one, and that his friend's heart was deadened by the pursuit of wealth. He marvelled at this, for he had likewise devoted himself to the same object; but the result had been widely different, for his sympathies were as fresh and quick as ever, whereas Alan seemed incapable of any strong emotion.

'I am come to take up some of your time to-day,' said Charlie Blair to his friend, as he walked into his office. 'I suppose you are not too busy to spare me an hour or two?'

'As many as you please,' replied Alan Graham.

'I have brought home a considerable sum of money, which I have just lodged in the bank, and I want you to advise me how to invest it.'

He then recounted to him the history of his success, which had been almost unparalleled; and Alan listened attentively, amazed at his friend's prosperity, especially when he heard the amount and value of his possessions in Australia.

'I have not made up my mind whether to return for good, or sell up and settle here. You and Mary must advise me.'

'Women are not good advisers upon such matters. They know nothing of business,' was Alan Graham's curt reply.

'Never mind. There is plenty of time to think it over. Mark Halliday remains out two years longer, and he will manage matters for me during my absence.'

Alan Graham was on thorns during the whole of Blair's narrative. Every moment he expected to be called upon to give some account of the disposal of the funds with which he had been entrusted. He was able to breathe again under the respite.

Entrusted with the care and management of his friend's money, he had betrayed the trust, and had employed it for his own purposes. With it he had bought his house and land; with it he had speculated; and there was but a very small portion of it which he could pay over to Charlie Blair.

The want of money, combined with the eager desire for change, first prompted him to employ a portion of it in the purchase of Grove House; and Mary's pleasure and increasing delight in her new home silenced whatever scruples he had. After the first deviation he went on ploughing in the crooked furrows, and as opportunities for speculation recommended themselves, he had recourse to the forbidden fund. He buoyed himself

up with the conviction that Charlie Blair would never return—a conviction that was strengthened by Arthur Sullivan's report—and he grew bolder in the course he had pursued till he became, at the time of his friend's arrival, unable to render such an account as would establish his fidelity. He might have replaced a portion of the misused funds by the surrender of all he himself possessed; but his miserly love of money interfered to prevent an act which motives of self-preservation alone might have suggested.

The presence of Charlie Blair became a torment to him, and he was in the mood to listen to almost any suggestion by which he might rid himself of it. But, ignorant of all that was passing in his friend's mind, and giving him credit for some feelings of satisfaction at his return, Charlie endeavoured to take an interest in Alan's affairs, in his home, and in his children's occupations and pursuits, while every remark and every suggestion was gall and wormwood to him for whom they were made.

'I think I must go back to Glasgow to-morrow, Alan. It will not do for me to love idleness.'

'You surely need not go so soon. What can you have to do? You have no office that requires your attendance,' replied Alan, ever dreading the moment when explanations must come.

'That is true; but I have to call at the bank about that money. I do not like to talk to you about business when you come out here for rest and quiet, so I shall wait till we meet again in Glasgow.'

This was the first real note of warning that Alan had as yet received. He had such complete mastery over his countenance that no one could have imagined the sickening dread occasioned by the few simple words which Charlie Blair spoke so kindly and thoughtfully.

'Well—if you will, I suppose you must; but at all events you need not go up early. You can leave by the last train, and so get up in the morning, fresh for work,' said Alan Graham, clinging to the smallest respite that he could obtain.

'All right. It shall be so.' And

Charlie Blair was pleased at his friend's unwillingness to let him go sooner than he need.

CHAPTER V.

The large elm trees which sheltered Grove House on the north, and gave it its name, looked sombre; the bats flitted about beneath their branches, and the owls hooted from the midst. It was a dark evening, and neither moon nor stars were visible. Charlie Blair looked out upon the scene, but could see little beyond a few yards of the gravel walk that formed a terrace in front of the windows. Nothing of the garden, so carefully planned and tended by Mrs. Graham and her daughters, was visible; nothing of the far distance could be discerned. There was neither mist nor fog; it was the darkness of a starless night, which was deepened by the many large trees that surrounded the house.

After his friend had left, and Alan Graham was seated in his accustomed place, the door was suddenly opened, and Jane Macpherson stood before him, with clasped hands.

'Sir, Mr. Graham! you surely never told Mr. Blair to take the short cut to the station, on such a night as this?'

'What are you talking about, Macpherson? You forget yourself, surely,' replied Alan Graham, as he rose quickly from his chair, and answered her impatiently.

'Surely, sir, I heard you telling Mr. Blair to take the short cut, and you never told him of that quarry. He never has been that way, and if he should not keep quite close to the hedge all the way he must come to his death. Oh, sir! God forgive me, but why did you let him go that way this dreadful dark night?' and she clasped and wrung her hands. 'It is all too late now. The mischief must be done, if it's done. But oh, master! I wish you had done anything but this. Poor Mr. Blair! and he such a brave, fine gentleman, too! I wish my mistress had been here.' In her excitement Jane would have run on, had not her master interrupted her suddenly by saying—

'What is all this fuss about?'

You must be out of your mind, Macpherson. Do you suppose that Mr. Blair cannot take care of himself?'

Jane Macpherson looked hard at her master, as if she would read his inmost soul, and then, without a word, left the room.

Alan Graham was in no enviable mood. Before the interruption of the faithful nurse he dimly thought, with a latent feeling of satisfaction, that some calamity might befall his friend; but the words of Macpherson rang in his ears, and what he had so dimly and dreamily imagined became a probability; and with that thought there came another, more dreadful still, that he was virtually a murderer, for he had in his heart desired and compassed the death of his friend.

'Why did you tell him to take the short cut?' *She* must have heard him then giving instructions to Charlie Blair as they parted on the doorstep. 'Oh, master! I wish you had done anything but this,' *She* then realized and understood the full extent of his guilt. He had been guilty of a crime which he thought had been done in secret, with no eye to see and no ear to hear; and now he finds that it is discovered, and he is accused of having knowingly and wilfully misled his friend to his destruction. 'It is all too late now,' she said, and now his own heart echoes back the words, 'It is too late.' The deed has been done; the crime has been conceived. Whether Charlie Blair be dead or alive *he* is yet guilty. Visions rose up before his awakened mind of his old and faithful friend lying a mangled corpse at the foot of the quarry. It was, he well remembered, an ugly place at the best of times, and his children had been continually warned against ever going in that direction; and yet to this very spot he had directed his friend on a night when nothing less than a miracle could save him from death. As he sat by himself with Macpherson's remonstrances ringing in his ears, he seemed to see the finding of the body, and its being brought to his house; the welling forth of the blood afresh as the body passed his threshold, and

Jane Macpherson's accusing eye resting upon him. It was more than he could bear. He passed up and down his room. He could not rest; he could not sleep. One subject only occupied his mind. He threw open the window and looked out into the darkness. The owls hooted, and a bat startled him as it flew quickly across his face. He did not dare to go out and ascertain what evil he had done. He was afraid of his own thoughts, and still more fearful of what Macpherson might say.

Exhausted by the agitation of his mind he went to bed, and crept up stealthily to his room lest he should again meet the nurse. He threw himself on the bed, after having placed the lighted candle by his side, and lay there till he was startled by the loud ringing of the door-bell.

His troubled and guilty conscience had foreshadowed the coming evil, and his apprehension of some calamity made him hesitate what course to pursue. The whole house had been awakened by the sound of the bell, and the noise occasioned by the opening and shutting of doors, and by the voices of the servants who had been so suddenly and unexpectedly aroused out of their sleep, made it no longer possible for him to remain quiet.

He left his room, descended the stairs, and saw by the glimmer of the few candles which had been brought, that men were carrying in some heavy burden. Exclamations of horror and distress reached his ears, and pale, but resolute, he stood among his servants, not daring to ask the cause of the disturbance. He looked upon the burden as it was laid down in the hall, and the men who had borne it stood apart while Alan Graham gazed upon the mangled form of his friend.

'We were passing down by the quarry, sir,' said the chief spokesman, 'and heard some one a-groaning there at the bottom. We asked him what was the matter, but he could na speak, and Bill here and I found our way down to him, but he could na do mair than groan; so I

told Bill to run home for a hurdle and get some of them to come and help us, and when we saw it was the gentleman that used to come here, we brought him to you, sir. Maybe we have done wrong?' he added, inquiringly.

Alan Graham bent down to listen to the sufferer's breathing to ascertain whether he lived, and then turning to the bystanders said—

'You did right. Will some one run for the doctor while we carry him upstairs?'

His inquiry was instantly responded to by the departure of Donald Campbell, the spokesman, and then Charlie Blair was laid in the room which he had so lately occupied. As they ascended the stairs, Jane Macpherson stayed behind, and Alan Graham turned uneasily from her, as, with clasped hands, and a face in which the most intense horror was depicted, she fixed her sad gaze upon him, and said, scarcely above a whisper, 'Oh! master, master, this has been an awfu' night! God ha' mercy on us a'!'

When the doctor arrived, it was found that not only were both of Charlie Blair's legs broken, but that there were also far greater internal injuries, which made it very doubtful whether he would recover. He remained for some time in a state of semi-consciousness, and Jane Macpherson and Alan Graham devoted themselves to him. But at Macpherson's suggestion, Mrs. Graham was sent for, and on her arrival the sufferer was moved into her own room, which was larger and more convenient for him. Jane Macpherson never alluded to the past. It was a secret which she never divulged, and though Mrs. Graham continually questioned her, she never let it appear that she knew more than any of the other servants. Alan Graham became aware that Jane would not betray him; but he rarely remained alone with her, and she equally avoided the presence of her master so far as she could do so without exciting suspicion. Weeks and months passed, and Charlie Blair still remained a prisoner at Grove House. He was

able to speak of that night, but his spine had been injured, and he was helpless. He could not walk, and he lay there without the smallest chance of being able to move again.

'You have taken me, Alan, for better and for worse. I am a poor cripple, and never shall be anything else; but if you and Mary can let me stay here a bit longer, I will take care that it shall be no expense to you.'

The question of Blair's future was often discussed, and he still remained with them, for Alan Graham always assured his friend that they would not let him leave them.

'Where can you go, Charlie? You have no other friends, and I believe that Mary would break her heart if you were to leave us.'

This was true. Mrs. Graham never knew how much her husband was to blame, but she continually affirmed that some one must have behaved very incautiously in allowing him to go near the quarry at night. Charlie Blair always took the blame on himself, and really believed that he must have taken the wrong road.

These conversations were among Alan Graham's sorest trials, for he knew not only that he was the cause of his friend's sufferings, but had even compassed his death, and all that was said only added to his self-reproach.

He often argued with himself whether he should make a clean breast of it all and accuse himself of his cruel treachery. But of what avail would it be? What could be gained by such an avowal? It would not restore his friend to health and strength. It would alienate himself for ever from his wife, his children, and his friend. No one knew his secret but Jane Macpherson, and he knew that her love for her mistress would prevent her revealing it. His prudence triumphed, and he determined to conceal his share in the accident of Charlie Blair. But his conscience gave him no rest. His peace of mind was gone. He became old before his time, and when men noticed his changed and

worn aspect, they praised him for his tender-heartedness. But their praises were gall and wormwood to him.

'Alan, I am quite able to attend to business now, so I wish you would ask Macleod to come out here. I always intended to make over ten thousand pounds to you to be settled upon my two godchildren, but now you will have all that I possess. It is the least that I can do for you in return for all the trouble I have given you, and if you and Mary will take care of me so long as I live, you may look upon yourself as my heir.'

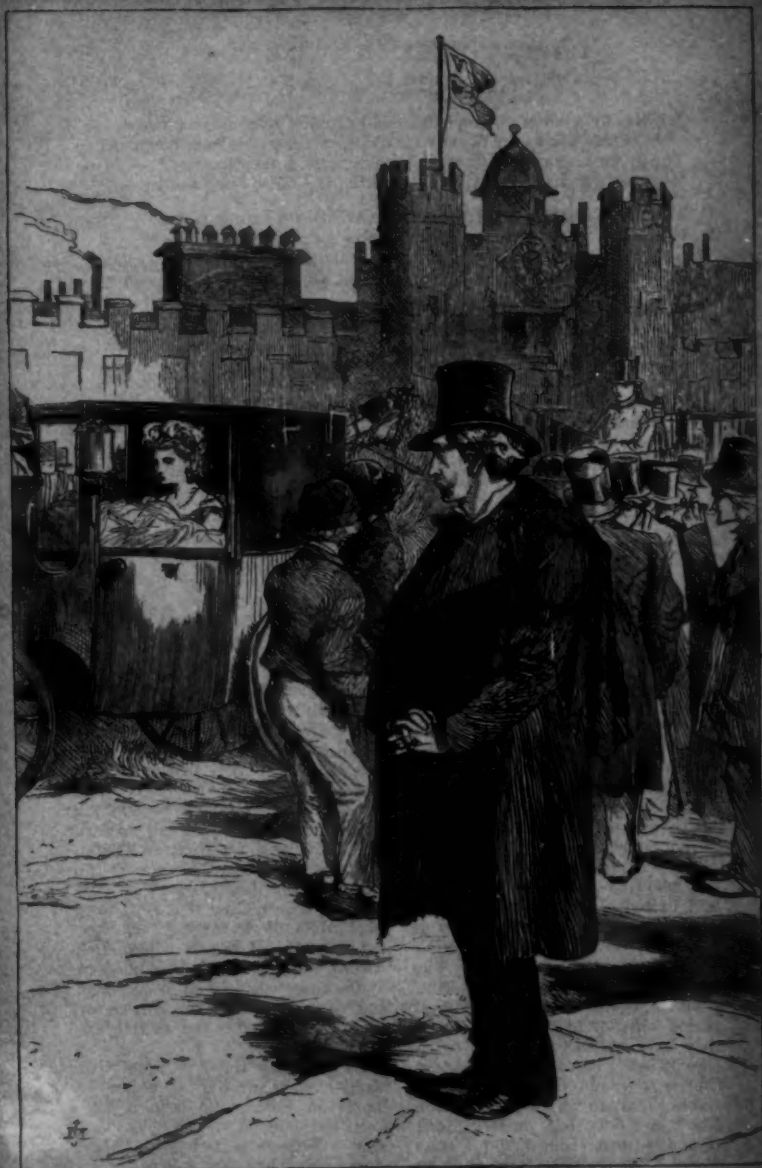
'For God's sake do not speak like that,' interrupted Graham; 'you will drive me mad,' and he rushed out of the room to hide his emotion.

Years passed, and still Charlie Blair lived on, while Alan Graham was wasted to a shadow, and his wife often marvelled at the change.

The injury to the spine had for some time affected only the lower limbs, but of late the brain had suffered, and Charlie Blair was sinking slowly but surely into idiocy. Occasionally he would recur to the past and speak of his accident, and ask Graham why he had advised him to go by the quarry. Then Mrs. Graham would look with surprised inquiry at her husband, but she could not elicit anything from him, and she attributed it to some hallucination of the mind.

But the breach of fidelity towards his friend, which led to so much treachery and to such disastrous results, could not be obliterated from the mind of Alan Graham, and the presence of Charlie Blair became the torment and reproach of his life. Though his secret remained undiscovered, the patient sufferer who lay helpless before him continually reminded him of his guilt, and was both his penance and his punishment.

With Jane Macpherson's death passed away the only witness of his crime, but the words which she whispered into his ears as she was dying were never forgotten:— 'Oh, master, master! why did you do this wicked deed?'



Drawn by J. Mahoney.

GOING TO THE DRAWING-ROOM

(See the Verses.)

GOING TO THE DRAWING-ROOM.

(ST. JAMES'S STREET DURING A 'BLOCK'.)

WHITE plumes upon her braided hair, rich jewels on her brow,
 Ah! thinks she of the dear old days, the green lanes ever now?—
 The green lanes, where, in leafy June, beneath a cloudless sky
 We hearts exchanged—'true unto death,' or *said so*—she and I!

True unto death! So little know we, what hath Fate in store.
 I live alone, and if she grieve, her grief is gilded o'er:
 Gold! universal medicine, in this gold-making age,
 Great king! there ne'er was pang so great, thy touch could not assuage!

O Fashion's queen! the diamonds upon thy snowy neck
 May glitter on an aching heart, and gall the bride they deck:
 Keep silence! What gay butterfly 'mid all this turmoil, knows
 That yesternight thou dropped'st a tear upon a withered rose?

Yet, there is one, who from the crowd, unseen, with eyesight dim,
 With gathering tears looks on at thee, though thou think'st not on him!
 Run on, O carriage, with thy freight! What matters hearts betrayed?
 Thus shift the scenes on Life's wide stage, thus is the pageant played!

A. H. B.

RIDDLES OF LOVE.

CHAPTER XVII.

MR. MANDEVILLE AND MORE FRIENDS.

LONDON, however empty, is always fuller than the country, as was remarked by a certain disreputable duke who was remarkably attached to the metropolis. But the difference in the streets when the season has past is depressing to the well-regulated mind; and the Park is peculiarly dismal when people decline to drive and ride therein. The few who frequent it feel forsaken; and, indeed, those whom affairs keep in town avoid the Park as much as habit will permit. There are people up from the country, however, who enjoy London in the 'silly season'—which, by-the-way, is at its silliest period when it has just set in—and they have at least the proud privilege of being monarchs of most that they survey, and finding that their rights there are very few to dispute. Not that these things matter much to many men who, through one cause or another, are kept in town during the Long Vacation. Sir Nicholas Tindal it was, I think, who

said, when his legal friends once sympathised with him upon his lot as vacation judge, 'It doesn't matter at all to me—a man must be somewhere.' It did not matter to that eminent Chief Justice, who found little pleasure out of his profession; and there are men of all classes who agree with Sir Nicholas Tindal. But the absence of women is the peculiarly striking feature of the autumn months, and that is a drawback difficult to supply. So the aspect of the Park at this period is certainly sad, and men kept in town at the time will do well to frequent the City, on which the sun never sets as far as life and activity is concerned.

I am making these remarks with strict irrelevancy to the matter in hand; for neither the Mantons nor Cecil Halidame would have cared a straw whether the Park were full or empty, even had they to traverse it on their way to Richmond, engrossed as they were in the charm-

ing occupation of talking about themselves.

Had they been more observant they might have noticed another carriage, which passed them as they stood waiting at the Corner and kept along the Knightsbridge Road. The vehicle, an open barouche, was one which might well have arrested their attention, for it was very showy and shiny, was drawn by a pair of horses which were at once showy and shiny also, and contained a gentleman who was perhaps more shiny and showy than either.

The gentleman was inclined to be stout as to figure and five-and-forty as to age; had a happy Saxon face, the picture of prosperous good-humour, and bare with the exception of a straw-coloured moustache, wonderfully waxed. He wore a hat so new that you expected to see the hatter's box on the seat beside him: a gorgeous satin cravat like a folded alab, adorned with an enormous diamond; a velvet waistcoat, on which reposed a massive watch chain, connected somehow with three different pockets, suggesting unusual resources on the part of the wearer for learning the 'time of day,' and borne down with pendant treasures like the fruit-trees which grew jewels in the Arabian tale; a coat with rather more velvet on the collar and cuffs than it could conveniently accommodate; pantaloons similarly embarrassed as regarded the stripes down the seams; and boots and gloves which may be best described, in professional phrase, as 'defying competition.'

If horses, carriage, and costume can confer happiness, the gentleman in question must have been happy indeed. There was certainly a *prima facie* case in his favour. Let me look into the facts.

He was the proprietor and manager of the new Imperial Theatre—a grand speculation which had just taken the town by storm and promised to hold that capital in defiance of all comers. This happy edifice had stage resources such as were never known before. Every piece produced was a model of mounting, besides being a marvel of

dramatic art; and had the plays been bad, they were acted so well that you would never have found out their faults. Of the front of the house nothing more laudatory could be urged than the assurance that it was worthy of the back. Mirrors, gilding, and pictures, asserting separate charms, contributed to a harmonious whole; and the Sybarite who sought relief from these attractions found it in soft drapery of satin and lace. Every seat was a sofa and every occupant of every seat was a somebody, more or less. The private boxes were let only to the peerage, and nobody under the rank of a baronet was admitted to the stalls. The pit people were expected to give hostages to society in the form of white cravats, and pledges as to the use of the letter H. Even the 'gods' were made to conduct themselves like respectable mortals, and apples and oranges and ginger beer were prohibited by protective duties imposed upon the police. Such at least was the design of the undertaking, and if it was not strictly carried out the blame was scarcely due to the management, but rather to a perverse public, which has a bad habit of doing as it likes.

The magnificent equipage holding the equally magnificent manager—subject to the common law which governs common conveyances—after passing Knightsbridge found itself at Brompton; and there, at a certain house in Brompton Row, it came to a stop with an effect which made an imposing appearance to passers by, and was not without an influence upon neighbouring windows. Nothing indeed in the coachman's driving became him more than his mode of drawing up; and the horses, entering into the artistic spirit of their guide, met the broad distinction between a state of progression and a state of repose, by a gratifying compromise suggestive of blood and oats.

If any subsequent proceeding could equal the triumphant manner of the arrival, perhaps it was the mode in which the door knocker was dealt with—as concurrently as human agility would permit—by a

footman whose haughty stature and evident strength announced no ordinary fitness for his functions. A small boy on the pavement asked him if he wanted to knock the door down—but the remark was ribald, and was very properly received by the addressee in a different spirit from that which would have been accorded to a *bonâ fide* desire for information. With something of the insolence of office, and something more of the pride of place, he told the precocious disrespector of persons to get away with him, and in an arbitrary mood into which the habit of official dignity sometimes betrays the wisest men, muttered an ineffectual threat concerning a policeman.

A hard knock, however, can have no more practical effect than that which may be produced by a soft one—it can only get the door opened after all. And I am not sure that in the present case it expedited the process; for it seemed to induce agitation within the building, indicated by apparent running up and down stairs, and subdued voices heard in tones of warning, significant rather of hurry than alacrity. When the portal at last turned upon its hinges, it was found to be in the hands of the bounding Leonora—the house being that of her mistress the eminent Mrs. Grandison.

Leonora, who was always equal to the occasion, whatever it was, received the tall footman with a condescending dignity such as might belong to a Maid of Honour to an Exiled Queen, who has opened the door with an impression of the postman, while the servant has gone out for beer.

The tall footman brought his master's compliments to Mrs. Grandison, with an intimation that he awaited that lady and her friends. Leonora assumed custody of the compliments with becoming courtesy, and answered on her own account that Mrs. Grandison and her friends were quite ready, and would be down directly.

As she spoke Mrs. Grandison emerged from her boudoir on the ground-floor, and almost at the

same moment you might have seen descending the stairs persons of no less importance than Captain Pemberton and May.

Mr. Mandeville—I might as well have told you the manager's name before—was by this time on the pavement. In the spirit of an eastern prince who advances to meet distinguished visitors only to the extent of the carpet, he had not entered the house; but now that the ladies were on what he might consider his own ground, he met them with much consideration, and assisted them into the carriage with every mark of care as regarded their robes and the contingencies of wheels. And the ladies being placed on the seats of honour, and himself and Captain Pemberton with their backs to the horses, he looked as happy as if the presence of the said ladies were his main object in life, and his carriage, horses, and costume—not to mention the little matter of the Imperial Theatre—were quite secondary considerations.

The tall footman, with proper obeisance, asked the usual confidential question.

'To the Star and Garter,' answered Mr. Mandeville—his servants needed no further direction.

The horses bounded off like a couple of Leonoras; and elated with the breath of public applause, the party careered proudly on the road to Richmond.

CHAPTER XVIII.

TWO PARTIES AT THE STAR AND GARTER.

When Cecil Halidame and the Mantons arrived at the Star and Garter, they made acquaintance for the first time with the grand equipage which had preceded them, and whose occupants had just entered the house. The turn-out not only invited attention, but commanded it, and the new arrivals evinced some pardonable curiosity concerning its ownership. Halidame was not at all surprised on obtaining the desired information; for he knew Mr. Mandeville very well by the repute which he enjoyed for riches

and a certain kind of fashion. It is not every rich man who is of the great world; but there is a solidarity about wealth which brings its possessors together, and they accumulate social position as they very frequently accumulate their money, by a joint-stock arrangement with a reserve of limited liability. They have at least a world of their own, and seldom fail to secure for it a tolerably wide orbit in the social system. The great manager, I believe, was nobody in particular to begin with; but by force of the magnificent manner in which he employed his wealth, more perhaps than by the wealth itself, he had been particularly successful in obtaining what I have indicated as fashion of a certain kind. If he did not go much into the great world, he at least managed to get a great many of the great world's occupants to come into his little world, which is much the same thing, especially when you decide that the difference doesn't matter.

Mr. Mandeville, it appeared, had a large dinner in one room; and as Mr. Manton's was a small dinner in another room, there was no need that the two societies should meet. This was fortunate, as the repasts of some persons might otherwise have been spoiled. Unpleasant matters lose half their unpleasantness when men have dined. It is a benevolent law of nature which leads an unhappy murderer always to eat a hearty breakfast before he is hanged; and the humane character of our legislation, which is mainly conducted after dinner, will one of these days spare him the hanging altogether. Perhaps our commercial morality would not be so heartless as it is, if transactions in the City took place in the evening.

But here I am in the position of Sir Boyle Roche's bird—so dear to the light literature of the day—supposed to be in two places at once. I must clearly divide myself, and relate what occurred at the two entertainments in separate form.

Mr. Mandeville's dinner was served first, as it had been ordered beforehand, so I will give him the *pas*.

At Mandeville's.

Mrs. Grandison and Miss Pemberton, after disposing of their bonnets and mantles, rejoined their host and the captain just before the arrival of the last additional guest. The additional guests were all men.

'I am so much obliged to you, Mr. Mandeville,' said Mrs. Grandison, observing the latter fact, and taking the manager aside, 'that you have not asked any other ladies beside ourselves. Some of our friends would have frightened poor May, who is timid enough already.'

'I took care of that,' replied Mr. Mandeville, 'after the hint you gave me. Besides, Captain Pemberton, as you know, is not half reconciled to his daughter's appearance in public, and I really think he would have withdrawn his consent, had not Sir Norman Halidame been enabled to make him independent of her earnings by giving him that place in the Company. I managed that part of the business, as I dare say you guess—in a quiet way.'

'I did indeed, Mr. Mandeville,' returned the actress, 'and my mental remark was—that is a noble act, dictated by a noble mind. It would have been a sin against dramatic art if the wonderful talent which Miss Pemberton has displayed, and the extraordinary aptitude which she has shown for the stage with so very little tuition, had been withheld from the public. And of her success on Saturday I have not the least doubt.'

'Nor I, indeed, Mrs. Grandison,' said the manager; 'but I thought it just as well that a few of the fellows should make her acquaintance beforehand: though even in this policy I have been discreet. You see I have not any of the actual critics here, but rather people who influence them, and do good in indirect ways—if only by talking in favour of a new star. And that reminds me—I must present a few of them, at any rate. In speaking of her, by-the-by, don't forget to call her by the name I have given her—Miss Mirabel. Her father, I think, is not wrong in wishing her own

name withheld. He keeps *his*, remember, and is called her uncle.'

So the great man hurried off to bring up a few of his friends, of whom all were regarding May with as much curiosity and admiration as could be decently disguised.

And May, indeed, looked worthy of any homage. Her love for the art she had chosen had, in its gratification and development, imparted to her a new beauty. Her proudly-cut features, and well-formed face and head, would under any conditions have been pronounced perfect; while her form—rounded and lithe like a leopard, and sufficiently tall to be decidedly not short—would have an equal claim to be considered faultless. Her chestnut hair, massed in such wonderful waves, was an ornament, too, of potent effect. But the new charm was in her eyes—I have called them deep grey, but perhaps they were more like violet,—which shone with a fire never known in the old dull days—with the light of a grand consciousness of passion and of power.

Now, however, her glances were timid and repressed; for the ordeal imposed upon her was sufficiently embarrassing—that of making the acquaintance of stranger after stranger with whom she was the object of exclusive attention. Fortunately for her, dinner was served after a few presentations, and she took refuge at the table, where she could not at any rate be expected to talk to half a dozen people at once.

May was on the right of Mr. Mandeville, who occupied the centre of the table and had Mrs. Grandison on his left. May's next neighbour was Lord Arthur Penge, a son of the Earl of Surbiton—a literary young nobleman and a theatrical young nobleman also, who knew everybody and most things, and appeared to have a profound and extensive acquaintance with himself—a personage of whom he evidently had the highest opinion. His appearance was so like that of so many young men you meet about, as to include nothing worthy of note; but he was an amusing fellow, as May found, for a neighbour, and there was at least no harm about

him. A more noticeable man was Mr. Mangles, the distinguished dramatic author, who sat a little way off; but his features were rather ungainly, and he owed his effect to his deep, penetrating eyes. A pleasanter person, with well-cut features and a good head, who looked like a convivial poet grown rather stout, occupied the next chair. This was Mr. Jock Mackenzie, of 'blood and culture' celebrity. He had a potent name and influence; but I am not sure that blood had done anything or culture everything towards his success, which was, after all, due to sheer intellect and originality of mind. Rupert Mannering, the pale, haughty man who sat opposite, had both blood and culture beyond denial; but nobody cared about him as they cared for Jock Mackenzie—and he was so feeble in literature that he had to publish his books at his own expense, and got them ridiculed at his own expense also. I cannot go all round the table just now, but may mention that among the other guests was Captain and Lieutenant-Colonel Jerecho, of the —th Life Guards, who had never missed a first night at a London theatre for fifteen years, except while he was in the Crimea; Lieut. and Captain Tracks, of the same distinguished regiment, who always followed in the footsteps of his brother officer, and had gained eminence in the same particular for the last two years and a half; and Mr. Highjinks, the burlesque writer, who contradicted the popular paradox concerning funny men—founded upon cynical accounts given by serious men—by conveying in his manner and conversation precisely the idea of what he was.

It is rather too bad that I should have forgotten. There was also present, besides the *et cetera* class of men about town and *littérateurs*, our friend Mr. Hanger; but that gentleman might be taken for granted by those who knew Mr. Mandeville's mode of making up parties of the kind, for he was a *confidant* of the manager's as well as of other men, and issued invitations in his name, collecting guests when

necessary upon short notice by verbal appeals. He had intended, owing to a little pique on the score of fancied neglect, to absent himself upon this occasion; but when Halidame's invitation failed him, he could not resist the temptation of passing a pleasant evening—so there he was. The party, by-the-way, was made all the pleasanter by the addition; for Hanger was one of the most friendly fellows you ever met, and as fond of rendering social services, in the promotion of harmony and good feeling, as of helping his allies in matters of business.

With all these elements at work, you may be sure the dinner went off well. There was not much talking—there never is at any table—until the lions had tasted blood in the shape of champagne. The first cork gives the impetus, and after that the inspiration begins. The conversation confused May a great deal. She did not understand half the allusions either to men, women, or things; and most of the talk was of what may be called a technical character. She had an idea that, considering the company she had been asked to meet, she would hear discussions upon literature and art, which would err on the side of being too æsthetic and profound. But she learned, on inquiry of Lord Arthur, that such kind of conversation was considered out of place.

'The men, of course,' said his lordship, 'know all about principles, and so forth, and some of them tell the public occasionally a great deal concerning them. But the sort of thing is never discussed in companies like this. You might as well expect men at the universities to talk the classics at wine parties—and that, you know, is strictly forbidden.'

May, too, did not know that the society, like men of sense, were in the habit of paying considerable attention to such a dinner as could be provided at the 'Star and Garter,' when a *carte blanche* was given by a man like Mr. Mandeville, and when it was known that the *convives* were well aware when the landlord was false to his trust. The dinner to her was as a dream; and, but for the agreeable gallantries of Mr.

Mandeville on the one side, and the easy entertaining power of Lord Arthur on the other, she would have sunk into mere listlessness long before the dessert was on the table. She had no need to sit much longer after that; for Mrs. Grandison soon gave her a certain telegraphic glance—which would be understood at a dinner-table, though its lady-recipient were a native of the Fiji Islands—indicating that she might retire.

Then came the usual pause in conversation, general rising, and elaborate assistance of the ladies out of the room, on the part of those nearest the door, after which the usual relapse into arrested topics, and a common dash into the desert, as if the ladies had never had any existence. The ladies went out to walk upon the terrace, where the moon made the atmosphere as light as day.

At Mr. Manton's.

It was rather a dull dinner than otherwise—that is to say, as far as the guests were concerned. Collectively there was a great deal of animation, but individually there was just a little dulness. Captain Halidame began well, but broke down; for after a time he began to find that wine with him had passed the point of exhilaration, and began to depress. His cares came upon him like demons whenever there was a pause in the conversation; and he was the cause of more pauses than one. Mr. Manton, addicted as he was to a large style of talk, found that he was without an impressionable audience. Halidame was rather too old and experienced to enter into the vigorous views of life put forth from the Ensign's point of view; and after hearing a great many crude ideas elaborated by that rather crude young gentleman—who did his best, by-the-way, and was a very good fellow—fairly succumbed, felt dull, and rather prematurely, at the conclusion of dinner, thought he would like a little seltzer and brandy—not to say a cigar, to which he found, however, beforehand, that Lucy had not the smallest objection. The last was a relief to Manton,

who was afraid that smoking might compromise him, as a newly-married man, in the eyes of his guest. So when Lucy said, 'Nonsense, Frank. Have your cigar, as you know you always do,' he was quite enchanted; and when Halidame made some philosophical remarks about the importance of a wife sympathising in her husband's pleasures, he thought his friend a wonderfully good fellow, and saw that his wife was even more of a trump than he had believed her before—and that was no small advance, I can tell you, in his estimation of that lady, whom he loved with all his Ensign heart. So he ordered up cigars of the biggest and best; and he and Halidame surrendered themselves to the enjoyment of the weed, and even made jocular allusions to the possibility of Mrs. Manton joining in a mild cigarette, like the ladies in Spain, and so forth. But Lucy was not quite wild, and was not in her best spirits. She would rather have been alone with her husband, to talk over their own affairs, and was by no means so pleased as she thought she would be in the morning at the addition of a third person—the first third person, indeed, that she had experienced in her new estate. And she sympathized, too, with Halidame as one deeply in love, and pining to behold the object of his passion. She did not dream of other troubles that might beset him, and attributed his depression entirely to what, on the part of her sex in general, she considered a complimentary cause. So, rather earlier than would otherwise have been the case, there seemed a general inclination to return to town.

But before breaking up the party, Lucy said, under the impression that Halidame required distraction—

'Frank, why should not Captain Halidame go with us to the Imperial on Saturday to see the new actress?'

'I shall be awfully pleased if you will,' said Manton, referring the question to Halidame, and delighted to please his wife.

'I have heard,' pursued Lucy, 'that she will do wonders—that she

is an extraordinary person, and will take the town by storm.'

Manton had heard the same, and so had Halidame. Manton had already secured a box for the occasion; and it was agreed that Halidame should join the newly-married couple. Conversation subsided again after this arrangement, and then it was determined to order the carriage. But pending the preparation of the equipage, it was agreed that the party should walk upon the terrace.

'What a beautiful moon!' said Lucy, looking through the window. 'I never saw anything like it at Shuttleton.'

CHAPTER XIX.

ON THE TERRACE.

May was not in the habit of making too much of the moon on slight sentimental provocation; but she felt the secret and mysterious influence of that luminary, as any young lady must feel it upon occasion, unless she be quite given up to bonnets and mundane bewilderments of a kindred kind, such as are commonly assigned to her sex. The moon, you know, in England is not the same moon—except as regards mere matter of fact—as the moon of southern or eastern latitudes. There, whatever astronomers may say, it is twice as big, and makes the heavens seem twice as high. But even in our drear dull native land it is a most meritorious orb when the atmosphere will let it have its own way; and I doubt if it is ever seen to greater advantage than when its rays fall over lovely Richmond in connection with the Star and Garter.* So May must be pardoned if she indulged in a little rapture, born of the beautiful night, as she walked in her own beauty, beside the actress.

She expressed herself in very simple terms, however, as ladies, as well as men, must do, if they wish to escape the scoff of ungenial souls.

'I enjoy this thoroughly,' was all

* Our story was written before the old Star and Garter became, unhappily, a thing of the past.

she said; 'it is a delightful escape from that heated room and all those strange people.'

Mrs. Grandison was a congenial soul—to a certain extent. She quite appreciated the moon, and respected it as a very proper accessory to the universe, intended principally to give effect to the flat in a set scene, and to be the occasion for a great many elevated sentiments, without which—as she was used to say in depreciation of certain lowering tendencies of the drama—plays could not go on. But she always kept the moon in its proper place—let it know its station—and was not prepared to give it any preference over practical considerations.

So she gave May a piece of advice when she found that young lady doing anything so undramatic as asserting her own sensations.

'My dear child,' said she; 'you should not talk of an escape; the society which we have left is of a most distinguished kind, and calculated to make your fortune. You have been received in it in a manner that very few young ladies going on the stage have ever been received before—as a general rule you know they are kept down—and you should be proud of the impression you have created; instead of running away as soon as possible, and falling in love with a fine night, you should think—if I may tell you—of what is before you in the world.'

May sighed—there is great meaning in sighing, and very few people sigh in earnest.

'But what am I to do?' she said; 'I don't like the kind of scene—and certainly not all the people—and I like the fresh air and the moonlight, and prefer to be here with you. Why should I not say so?'

'There is no harm in saying so,' rejoined the actress; 'but what I fear is that you feel what you say. You ought to have been a little more complainant to Mr. Mandeville, who has paid you an attention that he was never known to pay a *débutante* before, though when once they have possession of the public there is nothing that he will not do for them. To be sure Mr. Mande-

vile is a prince in his way, and can afford to hazard a little. He is 'so rich, and, in the disposition of his money, so respectable. He has built a theatre, as we know, and he is now building a church. He says that a man does not feel settled in life until he has a theatre of his own and a church of his own—a charming idea, is it not?'

'Certainly,' said May, 'I ought to be grateful to Mr. Mandeville; but I do not quite like him, and—I do not quite like his friends.'

'Fie, fie,' said Mrs. Grandison; 'you must not say such things. Surely you found Lord Arthur a charming companion?'

'Well, he was one of the best,' May rejoined; 'but I do not understand the people generally—perhaps I shall appreciate them better one of these days.'

'I hope so indeed,' said Mrs. Grandison; 'for a great deal depends upon what people of the kind say of you. The public are like sheep; a few lead, the rest follow, and the success of a *débutante* depends mainly upon the manner in which she is puffed at first. If she has an immense deal in her she may make her way in spite of obstacles; but she will find no such obstacle as not finding a theatre where she can be properly brought out. If her manager is in her favour he can absolutely force her upon the public.'

'But surely,' urged May, 'he cannot do that if the public will not have her.'

'I tell you again,' said Mrs. Grandison, with emphasis, 'an actress or an actor is just like a piece, and you surely know what is done with a piece. A play upon which a certain amount of money has been spent must be played—the theatre cannot afford to waste it. It is a failure, say, on the first night, or rather on the second, for that is the real test. The failure is not recognized. The play is announced for nightly repetition until further notice; and by dint of filling the theatre with paper—orders, you know, my dear—and getting all sorts of favourable things said in the journals, the piece, whatever

it be, is sure to be a success at last, in the hands of an enterprising manager. The simple question is—as in other speculations—how long can he go on losing? An actress is in much the same position, and you ought to be greatly obliged to Mr. Mandeville for being disposed—as he evidently is—to back you up.

'But I thought,' said May, forgetting all about the moon in this sudden suggestion as to her own affairs—'I thought that I was to make a success—a great success—in the beginning—to carry the town as you call it—and be independent of everybody.'

'My dear child,' replied the actress, 'you can never be independent of managers unless you can take a theatre for yourself, and then people will say that you can do nothing unless you take a theatre. An actress with a theatre of her own is always in an invidious position. She naturally takes the leading business, and then people say that she does so on account of her position only. She has enemies on all sides in her own theatre.'

All this, and a little more, which Mrs. Grandison did not fail to impress upon her friend, was very discouraging to May, and she began to think that a theatrical career was not likely to realize her dreams.

She was musing in this new train of thought, still walking to and fro in the moonlight, when her ear caught the sound of voices more familiar to her than those of Mr. Mandeville's guests in the dining-room—recalling as they did times which seemed long past, for they were times when she knew no Mrs. Grandison and had never thought of the theatre.

And then she saw, as clearly almost as she would have seen them at noonday, her old friend Lucy Cartwright, and her mysterious acquaintance, Cecil Halidame. They were walking together, accompanied by a third person, a gentleman whom she did not know.

Lucy recognized May almost at the same moment, and the moment after the friends were in each other's arms.

Lucy, you may be sure, was the first to speak.

'Dearest May,' she cried; 'what a happy chance this is! I have been looking for you and asking about you everywhere for the last three months. Why did you not tell me where you were going—leave me your address? It was too cruel, and when you knew how fond I was of you!'

May was not proof against the reproach so kindly conveyed. She was a great actress, very probably, prepared to carry the town to any extent, but she broke down at this little bit of an ordeal and shed shamefully natural tears.

'My dear Lucy,' she cried, 'can you forget how it was? Can you forget that you were away from Shuttleton just at the time—paying a round of visits—and that our relations with your family were such that we—that I—did not, as you may suppose, like to ask for your address?'

Lucy did remember that she had done May an injustice, and that of the two she herself had been most open to the charge of neglect; but it was not her way to enter into such particulars, so she contented herself by calling her friend a little goose, and laughing at her for feeling any concern in the matter.

'You know I did not mean to reproach you,' she said, assuming the air of the aggrieved party; 'how can you be so foolish? May, I am ashamed of you.'

So May accepted the position assigned her, and consented to be pacified; and they laughed the difficulty off, and when Lucy told her that she had got married, they were as happy as birds singing on the same branch.

It was at this stage of the proceedings that May remembered the presence of Halidame, and as soon as she looked in his direction that gentleman came forward.

'This is a very happy chance,' he said, 'that has given me the pleasure of seeing you again.'

And he extended his hand, which May took without thinking whether she ought to take it or not. The next moment, however, a vivid re-

membrance of the scene at the ball came over her, and then of his strange letter—a document which she had preserved, but never dared to show to her father. She was at once embarrassed and constrained; while Halidame, observing her confusion, became himself even more confused. There was a guilty look about him, too, as if he had done her wrong.

Neither of the two could speak another word; but here, fortunately, Lucy came to their relief. She had as much to tell May as she had had to tell Halidame, and she told it, with her usual impulsiveness and disregard of her husband's discretion.

May was amused, you may be sure, at the account of the courtship and marriage of this original pair—a courtship and marriage conceived, as Mrs. Grandison afterwards remarked, in the true spirit of comedy. For Mrs. Grandison could not help hearing the important communication in all its details, and the moon might have heard it too for all Lucy seemed to care.

Mr. Manton looked awkward during the recital, and felt awkward, too, I dare say; but Lucy soon brought him to a sense of his responsibility by presenting him in proper form to her friend; after which May presented Mrs. Grandison to both, and Manton presented Halidame to Mrs. Grandison, so that the whole party were soon upon speaking terms, and walked, as before, in the light of the moon.

Lucy for some little time monopolized May, while Manton, who was very bold with everybody who was not his wife, slid into friendly converse with the actress, who, finding herself with a stranger, went through as many episodes in the career of Marie Antoinette as circumstances would permit. Manton, of course, was dazzled, and thought that he had seldom met with so charming a person; but he could not, as he afterwards said, 'make her out,' and he had no idea of her connection with the stage to help him to a solution.

Halidame meanwhile walked alone. His thoughts were bent upon May,

and matters in which May was concerned.

'What a fatality,' said he to himself, 'that I should meet her this night of all others!'

And then his thoughts took a very sad turn; but, impelled by the temptation, he determined, if possible, to have a few words with her, however purposeless, alone. An opportunity presently presented itself, for Lucy left May's arm, or rather her waist, to go and say something to her husband.

Halidame was by May's side in a moment.

'Miss Pemberton,' he said, 'how I have longed for this opportunity!'

'Captain Halidame,' replied the lady, walking by his side rather to avoid the chance of being overheard than for any other reason, 'I know not what to think of you. You have sought me out upon a very short acquaintance to make me the object of a very unpleasant confidence—a confidence which I ought not to respect, and one upon which you seem disposed to presume. I am willing to consider you as a friend; but even as a friend you have no right to make the condition you did. I can assure you that your conduct has given me great pain, and at the present moment—'

'But listen to me,' Halidame interrupted; 'do not misjudge me. I am ashamed—'

'And why ashamed?' interrupted May in her turn. 'I see nothing wrong that you have done beyond the cruel imposition you have placed upon me not to make known my knowledge of you to my father.'

This was an admission which she did not mean to make; but Halidame took advantage of it.

'But May—if I may call you by that sweet name—that condition is the only one by which I can venture to declare my love.'

May was now indignant.

'You have no right, Captain Halidame,' she said, imperiously, 'to talk in this manner to me. I have never given you the right; you ought not to assume it. And if there is danger in a meeting between you and my father I warn



Drawn by Adelaide Claxton.]

ON THE TERRACE.

'You here! I thought it was agreed that you were never to cross my path; and yet I find you with my daughter!'

[See 'Ruins of Love,' Chapter XIX.]

you that the danger is present. He may be here at any moment.'

And May looked anxiously towards the house.

Halidame became violently agitated.

'He is here then?' he cried. 'Let us leave this place at once.'

And he took May's hand, as if to compel her acquiescence.

'This is too much,' said May, shaking him off; 'I will not be persecuted. What is it, Captain Halidame, that you mean?'

And the girl made a stand, staring him in the face, and defying him, as it seemed, to declare himself.

Mrs. Grandison meantime was about to rejoin her friend, when Lucy said—

'Oh, pray don't interfere with them—they are only love-making—they have not met for some time.'

Lucy was one of those young ladies who think that two persons of conflicting sexes can never be together without being so engaged; and the assumption was quite a gratuitous one in the present case, being founded, as far as she knew, only upon the fact that Halidame and May had danced a great deal together at the ball.

Mrs. Grandison's first impulse, from dramatic force of habit, was to prevent the course of true love from running too smoothly; but considering that the affair was none of hers, and that the young lady might possibly be engaged with the consent of her father, she abstained from interference, contenting herself with the by-play of watching without being observed, while she continued her conversation with the newly-married couple.

While so engaged she observed another addition to the party on the terrace. It was Captain Pemberton, looking doubtless for his daughter.

The next moment he seemed to have discerned her; for he advanced carelessly in her direction.

'I am afraid, May,' he observed, 'it is getting rather cold for you to be out here, and without your mantle too.'

He was within a couple of paces of the pair. On hearing the voice

Halidame gave a great start, then he turned round, and the two men met face to face.

There was a pause, for neither was prepared for the meeting. To Halidame the possibility had only just been suggested, while such an event was far away from Pemberton's thoughts. Then they glared at one another with looks of such implacable enmity that May cried aloud in terror.

There was a difference, however, in the manifestations of the two men. Pemberton was red with passion; Halidame was deadly white—surely not from fear, though he quailed under the glance of a man so to him, and showed none of the aggressiveness which marked the manner of the other.

'My dear father!' cried May, clinging to him in strong agitation, 'what does this mean? Tell me. Do you know this—this gentleman?'

'You here!' said Pemberton, disregarding his daughter's question, and addressing himself to Halidame. 'You here! I thought it was agreed that you were never to cross my path; and yet I find you with my daughter!'

'Captain Pemberton,' returned Halidame, in a voice almost humble in tone, 'I am well aware of the condition, and I have always endeavoured to observe it. Miss Pemberton can witness how I took every precaution when there seemed danger of us meeting months ago, to avoid such an accident, which is as painful to me as it can be to you. To-night a circumstance which I could not have contemplated has brought us together, and it shall not be my fault if the pain is prolonged.'

And he made a movement as if to go; but Pemberton had heard words which gave new force to his anger. Disengaging himself from his daughter's arms he turned towards May and said—

'What is this, May, about months ago? Can it be possible that you have made the acquaintance of my bitterest enemy—the author of all my misery in life—and associated with him in secret?'

Poor May was in agonies.

'Hear me, hear me!' she cried. 'I was not so much to blame as you think. I will tell you all, but not here. What I did was to save you pain—and worse than pain, so I was led to believe.'

Pemberton had the gentlest of natures, and he dearly loved his daughter. His doubt of her was over at once. He took her hand fondly, and said—

'My poor child, forgive me if for a moment I wronged you. I do believe you, and will not say a word of blame. But you have made an unhappy mistake in having any association with this man, and must never see him again. As for you, sir, go, unless you wish to add further injury to that which you have already inflicted, and tempt me to forget the obligation I am under towards you.'

Halidame had not a word to say; he looked thoroughly humiliated. May had not a word to say either; she was weeping on her father's shoulder.

How the two men might have parted I will not venture to guess, but there was a movement upon the terrace and several persons approached the group. The general body of Mr. Mandeville's guests were scattered about. It was time, therefore, to put an end to the scene, and the necessity gave presence of mind to all engaged in it. Halidame bowed and walked away with apparent composure to the spot where Mrs. Grandison was still in conversation with the Mantons, and May recovered her calmness with a violent effort and took her father's arm. The presence of uninterested persons was a relief to them both, and even the noisiness of some of the company was a welcome distraction.

Halidame somewhat abruptly took his leave of the Mantons, declining a seat in their carriage, for reasons which he did not very clearly make out. When he had gone there was a general remark upon his pale and agitated appearance.

'There was something very dramatic, apparently, in his interview with Captain Pemberton,' suggested Mrs. Grandison.

'Oh! it is nothing, I dare say,' said Lucy. 'I suppose Captain Pemberton doesn't approve of him as a suitor; but that's easily got over; he will come round, and if he doesn't they can run away—can't they, Frank?'

Frank, who was destined to discomfiture that day, admitted that such a proceeding as the latter was within the limits of possibility.

'But see,' continued Lucy, 'the Pembertons are going—I must see May before she leaves.'

Lucy was never very long in carrying out her intentions. The next minute she was re-establishing relations with Captain Pemberton, and telling him, in his turn, all about her marriage, its attendant circumstances being described with her usual dramatic force. It did not occur to her, though most persons would have perceived the fact, that the captain was in a state of mind to take about as much interest in the narrative as he would have taken in the story of Cinderella and the Glass Slipper, related with a view to his special sympathy, and the exigence of his private opinion concerning the conduct of all the parties concerned.

However, the story came to an end at last, and then Lucy insisted upon knowing where May was staying, that she might go to see her. So May gave her the address in Brompton Row, with the suggestion, however, inspired by Mrs. Grandison, that she would be too much engaged to see anybody during the rest of the week—it was then Wednesday.

Lucy thought such a succession of engagements as seemed to be implied rather strange in a person of May's retired habits; but she made any allowance for the temptations of town, and arranged to see her dear friend on the following Monday.

The Pembertons were then allowed to depart in peace; and they took the road, as before, in Mr. Mandeville's magnificent carriage, the appearance of which vehicle, with the high steppers' tails whisking in the lamplight, excited general admiration on the part of the other guests, whose arrangements for re-

turning to town were of a comparatively abject character. Some of them, indeed, who had made no arrangements at all were reduced to chance cabs; and one of the latter—it was a young poet of spasmodic tendencies—seems to have arrived home at an uncertain hour, for, actuated by an impracticable desire to return by the river, he betook himself to the banks, and was found by an opportune policeman gibbering on a jetty at two o'clock in the morning.

But things like this, you know, will be at every great festivity; and everybody said that Mr. Mandeville's party was a great success, and that the fair lady who was its occasion would be a great success also.

CHAPTER XX.

THE GREAT INDIA AMELIORATION AND DEVELOPMENT OF THE RESOURCES COMPANY.

Captain Pemberton called upon Sir Norman Halidame on the day after the dinner at Richmond. We have not met the baronet since the captain's first visit upon the pecuniary affair that brought him to town. But I am happy to say that upon the present occasion Sir Norman was looking remarkably well, and was, to judge by appearances, more easy in his mind than he had been for some time past. He had consented, after a long conflict with opposing sensibilities, to go a little into business, and there was just now more than one public company engaging his attention. It was not for want of solicitation that he had abstained for years past from connection with the City. Men whom he knew had continually asked for his name as a director in schemes of many kinds, absolving him from responsibility even as far as shares were concerned, and placing within his reach liberal fees for the mere attendance at meetings. But Sir Norman was painfully punctilious—so his City friends called it—about meddling in matters that he did not understand, and said that there must be something wrong in

an undertaking which could afford to pay him, for doing nothing, a great deal more than it paid a hard-working clerk. But as projects from time to time were forced upon his attention, he began to think it possible that they might be worth pursuit, and once aroused into feeling an interest in a scheme for its own sake, he was by degrees drawn into the groove, and found himself growing fond of the game with a consequent appreciation of the stakes. He was upon dangerous ground, but was not likely to go very wrong, though it is difficult to say what the best of men may not do in the City when they once get into the heat of battle.

Sir Norman had done a welcome piece of service for Captain Pemberton by procuring for him the position of a paid director in a very promising company which applied the principle of life assurance to matrimonial arrangements, and made the policies fall due when the assurers married instead of when they died, thus giving them the advantage, as the prospectus set forth, of being able to spend the money upon themselves instead of leaving it to their descendants. The profits to the office were calculated from the data that whereas everybody dies, only a certain proportion of the community marries, and that for one marriage which is accomplished there are at least half a dozen broken off. It was a brilliant idea, and promised to work remarkably well. In the meantime it gave Captain Pemberton an income which amounted to considerably more than his half pay, and gave him, besides, a very high opinion of 'the City,' which could give so much for such very little service as he was able to perform.

The scheme on hand, however, concerning which he called upon Sir Norman, was one of a far more extensive character. This was the 'Great India Amelioration and Development of the Resources Company,' the capital of which, with the usual liberality of prospectuses, was fixed at three millions. There was no reason why it should not be ten millions, or even more, as an

ardent promoter suggested; but moderation carried the day, and it was agreed to limit the demand with a modest regard to what was likely to be obtained. The object of the association was to supply every project for improvement in India, which could not obtain a government guarantee, with a private guarantee instead, and thus counteract—so said the prospectus—the working of a selfish and short-sighted policy which, since the period of Plassey, had impeded the progress of our great empire in the East, the brightest jewel of the British crown, and brought incalculable miseries upon the hundred and eighty millions committed to our charge.

Sir Norman, upon the morning in question, drove Captain Pemberton to a meeting of the projectors of the company at the offices in Moorgate Street—drove him in his cabriolet—an old-fashioned vehicle which is fast fading away, but which had the advantage, while it gave its master the trouble of driving in London streets, of at least making him independent of a coachman.

On their way the friends, after giving a little attention to the Great India Amelioration and Development of the Resources Company, talked about some other matters in which they were both privately concerned.

Pemberton, with evident reluctance to allude to the subject, told Sir Norman of his meeting with Cecil Halidame on the previous evening. 'It was a shock to me,' said he, 'that I hoped to have been spared. I thought he was still in India.'

Sir Norman was almost as agitated at the announcement as his friend had been at the fact, and was nearly letting his horse (Sir Norman had better have been in his brougham) bring them into collision with an omnibus.

'So that unhappy man has appeared again,' he said; 'I, too, thought he was in India: but I shall be made aware of his presence here, I suppose, as soon as he wants a hundred pounds, or at any rate thinks that there is a chance of get-

ting it from me. And money is not the worst of it, as you know. There is a wretched Baboo, a cringing Calcutta native, who has pursued me for years, like an evil genius, and bled me whenever he chose, under an implied threat of ruining my character in society by setting a certain story going, with me for its hero. He is unfortunately connected with this company in Moorgate Street, and I should not wonder if we met him to-day. What can I do? I cannot bring the whole story out and denounce my brother. Apart from the tenderness which I bear to him, the reflected disgrace would be a blow to me; so all I can do is to pacify the Baboo as I best may. The Baboo is over here as the agent of a deposed rajah, and while working the rajah's case—which he will never gain—considers, I suppose, that it is all fair in business to get a little advantage in the way of money out of me, and a little more advantage in the way of such social influence as he can gain from my association.'

While Sir Norman and Captain Pemberton were discoursing upon this evidently unpleasant subject, a select society was assembled at the offices of the company in Moorgate Street.

The room in which they were gathered was a severely official apartment, furnished with a very long mahogany table holding a very large inkstand and surrounded by very heavy chairs, and provided, in one corner, with an iron safe containing a tin japanned box. It was intended for the temporary board-room when there should happen to be a board; and how to get a board together was now the business in hand.

Of the several gentlemen who were seated at the upper end of the table the first claiming attention is Mr. Clamberley, the promoter, *i.e.*, the person who evolved the idea of the Great India Amelioration and Development of the Resources Company from the depths of his moral consciousness—a depository, it would seem, of a great many ideas of the same kind, to judge by the number which he had evolved from time to

time under circumstances similar to the present.

Mr. Clamberley was the smoothest man you ever saw. He had a smooth face surmounted with smooth hair, and embellished with smooth features; his smile was smooth, so was his manner, and so were the tones of his voice. His dress was as smooth as the rest of him. It was rich as fashion will allow, but characterised by a grand simplicity which had more effect than any amount of foppery; and the glimpses you got of his linen were like so many flashes of light. His ornaments were few, but massive and costly, and greatly inculcative, I should say, of pecuniary confidence. He wore his gloves in his pocket, as he did not consider those appendages looked well in the City, and for the same reason he did not carry a cane, though he resumed both those articles when he went westward of an evening. If Mr. Clamberley was anything besides smooth he was most certainly keen, and nobody who noticed his eye when he spoke could mistake the fact. He prided himself, I believe, in combining the iron hand with the velvet glove, and between the two he had given hard grips at a great many things in his time.

Next to Mr. Clamberley sat a man who also gave you a considerable idea of acuteness. He had a face full of quick intelligence, and was a picture of activity from his eyes to the tips of his fingers. This was Mr. Markwell, the solicitor to the company. He was a somewhat younger man than Mr. Clamberley seemed to be, and might be five-and-thirty or thereabouts. He was carelessly dressed in comparison with the compact promoter, and his costume was principally remarkable for a very capacious frock-coat, furnished with wonderful inside pockets, in whose depths he carried papers enough to cover an office-table.

The third person, who had the large inkstand before him, and was engaged in directing some letters to addressees taken from a 'Court Guide' at his elbow, had more modest pretensions, apparently, than either of his companions. He looked younger,

too, than the others, but his appearance was such as is frequently deceptive on this score. He was a little man, with a little face and head, and little features to correspond. His face was destitute of hair, and what he had on his head was thin and weak. He wore a white cravat, the rest of his dress being black, giving him a clerical aspect. He had a habit of holding his head thrust forward and thrown up, as if his nose—a little turned up too on its own account—was trying to get a look at his eyes; and for this reason he always seemed to be looking over people rather than at them as he talked, and the general impression he conveyed was that of being sly. I have said that he had a somewhat clerical appearance; but it was not suggestive of the Establishment, and his legs in particular were decidedly Dissenting.

It happened, however, that Mr. Sharpenal—for that was his name—had nothing to do with either church or chapel, as far as clerical functions were concerned; but he had been secretary of one or two charitable societies, and associated a great deal with what is called the serious world, and I believe he considered that the *prima facie* respectability attached to a white cravat was worth several hundred a year to him. Of late, however, he had been less engaged than usual in the cause of charity, and had been principally in a connection where there is a great deal more taking than giving, and the interests of strangers are regarded as irrelevant to the business in hand. In other words, he had been helping Mr. Clamberley with some of his companies, and might be regarded as that gentleman's chronic 'secretary *pro tem.*' It was in this position that he had joined the present speculation; for he never held a permanent office—such an arrangement not suiting his intriguing temperament—a fact which he sometimes found out for himself, though there had been occasions when the discovery was anticipated by other people.

'Yes,' said Mr. Clamberley, with cheerful candour, and in continuation of a conversation which I have

interrupted, 'I am not much charmed with appearances. We ought to have got a director of some kind by this time. The first director is everything,' he added, musingly, for his companions did not require the information. 'When one has come another will follow, but nobody likes to be the first on such a paper as this.'

And Mr. Clamberley looked at the title-page of the prospectus which he held in his hand with an air of sincere pity for so very promising a document. It set forth the name of the Company in full; the amount of the capital was figured with charming exactness; the names of the solicitors and standing counsel were given without the mistake of a letter; the great banking houses which had consented to receive the deposits of shareholders (there were two, for the sake of convenience and connection, to say nothing of the chance of one of them being tempted by too large a trust into dangerous speculation) were synonyms for credit; and the name of the Secretary *pro tem.* was an assurance of intelligence and assiduity. But under that important heading, 'Board of Directors,' there was a dreary blank—a Sahara of helplessness—so that the addition of 'With power to add to their number,' printed very low down, looked very much like a sarcasm, calculated to make the unreflecting laugh, as it certainly made the judicious grieve upon this occasion.

'Yes, if we could only get one,' said Mr. Sharpenal, 'the rest would follow like sheep. As in the case of the gentleman who thought he could walk after his head was taken off, it is the *premier pas qui coûte*.'

In their intimate conversations our friends permitted themselves these little jests at the expense of the public. In common with most people who depend upon the favour of that interesting multitude, they had the profoundest contempt for its intellectual capacity. Mrs. Grandison on the previous evening had used precisely the same comparison in reference to the patrons of the drama: Novelists, however, I am

bound to say, are an exception to this vicious rule, and have an invariable respect for their readers.

'We have not got to the public yet,' observed Markwell; 'at present we are only at the private influence point; and I am afraid, Clamberley, that that horrible break down of yours in the "Criminal Charges Defence Association" has damaged us a great deal. I thought at the time that it was rather a hazardous calculation—to suppose that there is a sufficiently large portion of the public intending to commit crime or expecting to be accused of it, to supply the capital proposed.'

Clamberley smiled, and remarked that at least the idea was a novel one, and the other two admitted this point with generous concession.

They talked then of various great men in the City and elsewhere whom they would like to get.

'Do you know anything of Scaramouch, the new Member for Bribeley?' asked Markwell of the Secretary *pro tem.*

'No; but I can get at him,' was the answer. 'He of course has a mint of money, and carries weight just now. He is a Life Governor of the Orphan Home for the Destitute Children of Deceased Prizefighters, and the Secretary owes me a favour—that is to say he owes me cash. Yes, I think I can get at him.'

And with the quiet energy which characterized all his actions Sharpenal dashed off a letter to the Secretary of the Orphan Home for the Destitute Children of Deceased Prizefighters, enclosing a prospectus of the Great India Amelioration and Development of the Resources Company.

When the letter was placed with the others, ready for the post, the Secretary *pro tem.* volunteered a piece of advice.

'I am really of opinion,' he said, 'that, with such an object as ours, we ought to canvass among the clergy and the supporters of charitable institutions. They form an immense class, and are not half tapped yet. There are depths in

the serious public that have never yet been sounded by the plummet of speculation.'

The others laughed heartily at this burst of metaphorical vigour.

'You are always for going at the serious public,' said Clamberley.

'And get very little out of them, after all,' added Markwell.

'But I mean what I say in this case,' urged Sharpenal.

'Well, then, suppose we try the serious public this time,' suggested the promoter, glancing at Markwell.

'And I say yes,' said the solicitor. 'We'll see what Sharpenal can do for us.'

So the point was agreed on, and Sharpenal said that it should not be his fault if the serious public had a quiet life of it for the next fortnight to come.

'I told you, did I not,' said Markwell, 'that I had hopes of a client of mine, Sir Norman Halidame. He has no money, but stands well in the world, and will do, not to head the list, but to follow. For our decoy elephant I think we must rely for the present upon Scaramouch. By-the-way, Halidame will be here presently. At least he promised to come, and to bring with him a military friend who has served in India, and will make a capital agent out there—should we ever want one. He is on half pay now, but would retire altogether if he got the appointment.'

The announcement of a probable director was received with some satisfaction; and then followed another discussion upon people who ought to be got.

'I know of a man,' said Markwell, 'who would not do for a director, but is likely to become a large shareholder. He is a very rich man, but rather cracked in the upper story.'

'My dear sir,' cried Sharpenal, in a transport of pleasure, 'that is precisely the combination we require.'

The others laughed again at Sharpenal's enthusiasm, but warned him not to talk in that way when the strangers came. The Secretary

pro tem, did not deign to reply to the caution except by asking his friends if they had ever known him to make a fool of himself; and they frankly admitted that they never had.

Here a clerk entered the room, and the three assumed an appearance of business of an inscrutable nature, involving the welfare of the hundred and eighty millions confided to our charge in our great empire in the East, the brightest jewel in the British crown. The hundred and eighty millions, I suspect, had never yet been mentioned in the board-room, except as a statistic connected with the prospectus.

The clerk announced the arrival of Sir Norman Halidame and Captain Pemberton, and those gentlemen were at once shown in.

The hundred and eighty millions and their numerous wants were visibly depicted upon the faces of the three gentlemen already in the room as they rose to welcome the new comers, and two of them were being introduced in due form by Mr. Markwell.

'I am delighted to find, Sir Norman,' said the compact promoter, in his smoothest manner, 'that you take sufficient interest in our scheme to honour us with a visit; and Captain Pemberton will also, I hope, accept our thanks for the attention on his part.'

Sir Norman and Captain Pemberton were of course delighted to have the opportunity; and after a little interchange of inanities of the kind which seems a necessary introduction to rational conversation between strangers, Sir Norman and the captain surrendered themselves to an explanation of the advantages of the scheme and its chances of success, such as, in the words of Mr. Clamberley, would be but faintly shadowed forth in the brief limits of a prospectus; and both gentlemen were deeply impressed thereby. With regard to present appearances, nothing, they were assured, could be more promising. The time of year was bad, as so many people were out of town, but assurances of support

were being received daily; and when the list of directors was filled up, and the Company was fairly brought out, the most sanguine expectations of success would doubtless be justified. At present there were not any adhesions to the direction; but several were expected, and the great Mr. Scaramouch, in particular, might almost be counted on. Everything, in fact, seemed so cheering that both Sir Norman and the captain were easily persuaded to put their names down as directors. As far as the latter gentleman was concerned, it was of course understood that, if he went to India, he would occupy all the better position through being a member of the board.

This happy arrangement was followed by a little lunch, sent in with some splendour from a neighbouring hotel; and the party drank success to the Great India Amelioration and Development of the Resources Company in the best

Cliquot in the City. From the enthusiastic tone of the conversation you would suppose that the convives were upon the eve of taking up their residence in a financial paradise of limited liability, where there were no calls, and dividends came naturally like the dews of morning.

There was just a little crumpling of the roses when the guests had taken their leave. As they passed through the outer office they met Baboo Ramchunder Nellore going in. The Baboo was profound in his obeisance to the baronet, who observed towards him a somewhat haughty courtesy. The two, however, shook hands at parting, and seemed to Pemberton very good friends.

But Sir Norman knew his man better. 'I shall hear from that rascal to-morrow,' he said; 'I do not like the expression of his face. I much mistake if he does not mean mischief.'



COLLEGE TUTORS: THE OLD SCHOOL AND THE NEW.

MONSTROUSLY misrepresented as each class of the academical community has been and is, there exists none which is so conspicuously the victim of wilful and chronic caricature as the college tutor and the college don. It has been the business of the present writer to expose before now, in the pages of this magazine, for the public good, some of these absurdities of university fiction-mongers; but the utterly unreal pictures of the social life and economy of Oxford undergraduates with which a credulous public is presented, falls short of the absurd dissimilarity to anything actually existing that is perpetrated when the fancy portrait of those by whom Oxford undergraduates are ruled is attempted. It is exactly as if some dabbler in paints and pigments were to give as the result of the toils of his brush to some future generation a human figure arrayed in the costume of a century since—periwig with powder, triangular hat, kneebreeches and stockings complete, entitling it 'Portrait of a Nineteenth-Century Gentleman in the Dress of the Period.' Every one knows the college tutor and the college don of tradition, painted at full length—a gentleman of middle age, or something more; a clergyman always, severely clad in customary suits of solemn black; a hopeless troglodyte, whose travels scarcely ever lead him outside the precincts of his university town; great at the Greek particles, but ignorant of everything else; a pedant and prig by nature, a tuft-hunter and toady by practice; capacious of port wine, detesting change, a bigot and a Conservative in the worst sense of that word, coined by Sir Robert Peel in one of his unhappiest moments. Sir Thomas Overbury, the English Theophrastus, has already sketched this academical anachronism in his 'Characters,' and we are calmly assured that the sketch of that pungent writer remains in all its essential lineaments a true likeness of the college don of the present day. By

way of correction to these delusive ideas the recollections that will presently be given will be sufficient. There is one point on which, before I go any further, it may be well for a moment to dwell,—I mean the attributes of tuft-hunting and toadyism which, by a mischievous process of association, there is a tendency to associate with the character of the academical powers that be. To the impecunious undergraduate, one is told, these venal officials roar like lions; to the titled sprig of an inane nobility they are meek and submissive as lambs. My Lord Tom Noddy may do what he likes. If he happens to entertain a lively supper-party at his rooms in Canterbury Quad, and pleases, in the height of his conviviality, to take it into his head to discharge from his window an empty champagne bottle at the head of some passer-by, who turns out to be the censor of his college—or rather 'the House'—it is put down to the generous extravagance of youth. Nay, we are further informed that the academical dignitary, who has narrowly escaped a broken pate, will tell the graceless young rake that he is a credit to his university, and ask, in tones of cringing toleration, how his noble father is, and beg his lordship to enclose his humble respects when he next writes to his titled sire. At the end of term comes the college examination, when the undergraduate members pass in review visibly before the assembled authorities in the common room. My Lord Tom Noddy is told that his conduct is all that could be desired; while poor Jones, who is the son of a poor Welsh parson, and sent to the university only by dint of much pinching parsimony at home, because, though uniformly an excellent and admirably-conducted fellow, he has managed, more by clumsiness than anything else, to give some trivial offence, is told severely that this sort of thing must not occur again, or the consequences will be more serious to him and to his father than the clemency of the college now

allows them to be. To sum up this view, the two things which are worshipped by the Oxford don are money and rank, and within certain very broad limits the possessors of these may do anything which the most unbridled license could desire.

It is needless to say how utterly false all this is, and it is only because this is no exaggeration of what has been given us in one or two quarters within the last few months, as a life-like portraiture of the college don of the present day, that the fiction has been recapitulated here. Thus much may be said without fear: there is no place in the world where social antecedents, whether in the way of position or means, have so little weight as at Oxford—no place where a lad is thought so little of for what he is, and valued so exclusively for what he does. On the whole, it is not too much to say that the deportment of college tutors towards those who are their pupils is of a description almost ostentatiously the reverse of anything like adulation either of birth or of wealth; and something more than a mere spirit of contradiction to the fables served up as facts might prompt the remark that the plebeian is more likely to win the presumptive approval of the college tutor of the day than the recognised patrician. It is about as true to say that the academical don in a general way regards rank with exceptional favour, as to represent him as a man knowing nothing of the world outside his college, a port-wine bibbing pedant, and a priggish recluse.

It is intended here to use the expression 'college tutor' in the widest significance in which it can be taken. In a general way the tutors of a college administer the tuition and supervise the welfare of its junior members. In a technical sense the undergraduate will speak of his tutor as the gentleman who by a pleasant academical fiction is supposed to take a friendly interest in him throughout his career, even though it is quite possible he may never be brought into actual contact with him, may never attend his lectures, and may only interchange

salutations with him on the occasion of the tutorial breakfast to which he was invited in the course of his first term. The institution of college tutors in this sense is a theory, and nothing more. If an undergraduate is unfortunate enough to get into trouble, it is the dean of his college who pulls him up, and it is quite an accident—not because it is an attribute of his official capacity—if his tutor interferes to help him out. In a general way the college tutor only exists to his pupil as a college teacher, whose lectures he may or may not happen to attend. The most intimate personal relations which the undergraduate is likely to maintain with any tutorial dignitary will be with his private tutor, or, to use the vernacular, his 'coach,' if he has one, which coach may be or may not be—usually it is the latter—a member of the same college.

Oxford is supposed to be the centre and the citadel of everything that is Conservative; yet nowhere else in the world does change follow change with such rapidity. These vicissitudes are not confined to any one side or any one department of the place. Colleges change their ribbons, and the 'schools' change their great authorities and manuals. Now it is the theories of this philosopher, or this school of philosophers, which are in the ascendant, now of that. At one time a first class is only attainable by those who have been coached along the high *à priori* road of speculation; at another time the honour can alone be gained beneath the auspices and the leadership of Mr. Mill and his friends. The scepticism of to-day becomes the belief of to-morrow. Mommson is the last destructive critic of Roman history whom we have had, and is enthroned accordingly; but if a theory more ingeniously novel or recklessly iconoclastic than the German author whom Dr. Hickson has translated were to be propounded, Mommson would be banished, and the propounder of the theory in question would be hailed as the hero of the hour. Nothing can have changed more entirely at Oxford in the course

of the last twenty-five years than the whole composition of the body of college tutors. The aged branches of a venerable tree have been religiously hid out of sight; instead we have a well-selected supply of new, healthy, and vigorous shoots. To a very great extent the duty of teaching at Oxford has passed out of the hands of middle-aged men, and come into the hands of young men. By this step what has been gained in activity has not been lost in experience. The fresher the teacher is from the examinations, and the more *au courant* with the latest examinational method, the more successful his teaching is likely to be; the younger he is the more likely, too, he is to teach well. Facts justify these expectations. College lectures have ceased to be literary farces. It is absolutely possible to learn at them. They do something more than merely discharge the duty of academical roll-calls, which was all they once did. Life and energy have been infused into them, and the activity of the college tutor has greatly lessened the necessity of the out college coach. In every good college at Oxford the undergraduate, given ability, may procure the highest honours of the place without the expense of coaching. It is possible that in cases of extreme stupidity and backwardness the services of a special private tutor may become a practical necessity, and in these cases why should the victim be sent to Oxford at all? but in the vast majority of cases men 'coach' from tradition—just as, to quit the region of the metaphorical, and to come to that of actual locomotion, there are still people so fondly wedded to the past that they will not take advantage of the railway—as the easiest means of repairing the effects of a long course of previous habitual idleness.

When I first went up to Boniface, this condition of things tutorial had not been realised. No doubt our tutors were excellent in their way, and did their work conscientiously. They were by no means of the old port wine régime, though they were considerably senior to the gentlemen who now discharge, very likely

with greater efficiency, the duties of instructing the Boniface undergraduates in Oxford studies. However, I am not concerned so much with scholastic and educational reminiscences and comparisons, as with those which are personal and social. I found then, as I have hinted, on my arrival among the august society of Boniface, in a kind of transition state existing as regarded the composition, customs, and ways of its governing body. The new régime had not yet begun, and the old had commenced to expire. There was a good deal of the time-honoured slumberous nonchalance in the air, but there were also severe signs that a spirit of activity was stirring; and before I left Boniface it had been fairly aroused to that condition of moral energy—that, I believe, is the name of the quality—which it takes a special pride in instilling into the hearts of its alumni. There were, I found, on my entering, a vast number of floating traditions as to the antecedents and private history of our fellows who were in residence, and from whose body new tutors were selected. The most surprising narratives were circulated as to what they were when they had not yet emerged from the undergraduate state themselves, and especially as to their foats and practices during the long vacation. There was one gentleman, in particular—a pleasant little man with a rather neat figure, and a sleepy air—who took life easily and in an almost Epicurean spirit, as to whom it was confidently believed that he was engaged to a Polish princess, whom he had met in one of his long vacation rambles, and whom he was only waiting till a college living, with stipend worthy of his royal bride, should fall vacant to lead to the altar. It was, I remember, objected to this explanation of Mr. Lawless's continued residence at Boniface, that the future husband of a princess would be placed by the worldly condition of his wife beyond the necessity of any such considerations. 'Quite so,' remarked the prosiest youth whom I ever encountered, 'and so it would be in the case of any other princess; but then, remember the condition

of Polish finance just at present.' As for Mr. Lawless's discharges of his college duties, he lectured in a lazy manner enough—though the men who knew much about him would tell you that, though he did not exert himself, he could as he would; that his classical acquirements were in reality profound beyond parallel; and that much of his apparently languid manner was the result of his inordinate smoking, in company with the celebrated Professor Vandervelt at Bonn, in whose classic cloister the pair were in the habit of sitting for hours and hours enveloped in clouds of nicotine, discussing the various particles in the Latin language, and suggesting interpretations of vexed passages. Either the Polish princess must have jilted Mr. Lawless, or he the princess, for since that time college livings of every kind have fallen vacant, and been offered to him, but that gentleman still remains at St. Boniface up to the present day.

Perhaps the nearest approach from some points to the Oxford don of tradition, was the Rev. Henry Bloker, to whose hands were entrusted the purely disciplinarian part of the college, and who was technically known as the dean. The man gave you the notion of a person whose blood never rose above the temperature that you might expect to find in the veins of a rather chilly codfish. His voice was a monotone; his figure unbending in its uprightness; his neck moving only transversely; his shirt linen of immaculate whiteness, and his coat, &c., of undeviating black. There, motionless, with his back to his mantelpiece, he used to stand, as it seemed, the whole academic year round, occupied either with the task of lecturing to undergraduates on the principles of Latin and Greek prose, or asking them if they could give any satisfactory reason why they failed to attend chapel as often as they ought to have attended. The moveless face and the almost lifeless look of the Rev. Henry Bloker's eye, used to strike terror into the heart of many a timid freshman. If you once displayed timidity, Mr. Bloker felt your weakness, and

treated you with a bullying contempt; the only way to come off the best in any of these disciplinarian encounters was by the display of a determined spirit of fearless self-assertion. I had the satisfaction of seeing this ex-Dean of Boniface marry a famous shrew; but I do not know to which of the pair the laurel of the matrimonial battle is to be awarded. I fear it must be admitted that Mr. Bloker was by no means devoid of an infusion of the true toady spirit. We used to see him emerging from morning chapel, and, the service over, pacing up and down the cloistered quadrangle with the Rev. head of Boniface, Dr. Magnus. Every one knew what those protracted pra-prandial strolls meant. There was a Nemesis brewing for some one. Either some luckless wight was to be sent down, or a common-room was to be held on the proceedings of Smith, who would persist in awaking the college nightly to the echo with loud shrieks of unearthly melody; or Mr. Bloker thought it necessary that at the college meeting to be held to-day, attention should be drawn to the scandalous fact that Jones had been up a year and a quarter, and was not yet through responsions. Never mind, however, what were the excesses, or breaches of discipline, or idleness, of which young De Pumpkin was conscious he had been guilty, that fortunate young aristocrat could look on quite unconcerned from his window at the solemn promenade which filled ordinary undergraduates with horror, as inevitably portending mischief to some one or other of them. 'Hang it!' young De Pumpkin would remark, 'old Bloker would as soon cut off his right hand as cut up rough with me. He's the best thing in dons going—at least so far as I'm concerned. Easiest plan in the world to get him on my side. I get the governor to ask him down once a year, and the thing's done. You should see what fun we have together when he asks me to his *tête* breakfasts. Why, Bloker's actually genial, and positively smiles'—a frame of mind and an expression of countenance which De Pumpkin is

unique in having observed in the person of the Dean of Boniface. I may mention, perhaps, that Mr. Bloker happened to be my college tutor.

Mr. Turvey was quite another specimen of the race, the most hard-working and efficient that in my time Boniface knew. When you had once got beneath the man's exterior, he was an excellent creature enough; but his manner was curious—a mixture of nervousness and confidence, of *bonhomie* and cynicism; something of the Chesterfield, but more, perhaps, of the French professor of deportment. Mr. Turvey was great at gestures, and universally elegant in his attitudes. Cosmopolitanism was his characteristic. All arts, all sciences, and most languages did Mr. Turvey know. At St. Boniface he was currently reported to be the most erudite man in the university. And his lectures—they were genuine lectures, and not merely continuations of the old school construing lessons—delivered in tones studiously modulated, and language elegantly select, in no small measure bore out this belief. The amount of reading which they displayed, the power of assimilating and reproducing knowledge which they implied, was surprising. Mere passmen Mr. Turvey did not greatly court; but the undergraduate who aspired to honours was sure of unlimited encouragement and attention. Occasionally, Mr. Turvey found agreeable scope, in the course of his lectures, for the exercise of his facile wit; and his wit, whatever else it was, was seasonable. 'If you particularly wish to get in, Mr. Peewit, I shall be happy to open the door of that cupboard for you,' remarked Mr. Turvey to an undergraduate of extremely diminutive stature, who in the course of his lecture persisted in playing the tattoo on the panel of Mr. Turvey's receptacle for his china, &c.; and little Peewit instantaneously discontinued the tune. But if Mr. Turvey occasionally made the undergraduate the butt of his pleasant satire, he was at other times his zealous champion. Even Peewit, whom Mr. Turvey loved to 'chaff,'

used to be vehement in his declarations that there was 'no person who would stand up for you at a pinch like Turvey;' and, used to relate encounters—quite apocryphal, of course—which the Dean and Mr. Turvey would hold over the amount of 'sitting upon' to be administered to him (Peewit) when the end of the term was at hand, and collections were impending.

Boniface, so far as its governing body was concerned, was a good deal of a travelling college. There were several of its fellows, not tutors, who were mighty mountaineers; and it was currently rumoured that Mr. Turvey's acquaintance with foreign lands far exceeded that with his own. The centrifugal force used to come strong upon him at the commencement of each long vacation; and Mr. Turvey was the first member of Boniface for whom the messenger was desired to fetch a cab to convey himself and his luggage to the railway station, *en route* for some remote valley in the Carpathians, or some nook in Germany, where the name of Cook was unknown, and the creature called the tourist had not yet been seen. Occasionally it was said that Mr. Turvey varied these pacific expeditions with journeys in regions disturbed with battle and resonant with cannon. It was stated and believed that on one occasion this passion for camp-following had resulted in the seizure of Mr. Turvey, notwithstanding his panglot protestations and assurances, as a spy, and his incarceration for the space of three weeks in a dungeon on the Illyrian frontier, where he was with difficulty recognised by the timely intervention of the British flag.

When Jack Pindar went down from St. Ambrose—it was my fortune to spend a term or two at St. Ambrose before I was elected to a founder's kin exhibition at Boniface—and took the vacant rectory of Slowcum, not to mention the second daughter of the principal of St. Ambrose as his wife, it was generally felt by the undergraduates of that distinguished society that they had lost a friend, not that Mr. Pindar had ever given any positive

evidence of his claim to that popular character. It was his manner chiefly which won him these golden opinions among the junior members of his college; and perhaps a certain set of traditions which were diligently circulated, and devoutly believed in by the undergraduates of St. Ambrose, to the effect that Mr. Pindar's career had, when he himself was in *statu pupillari*, been by no means devoid of the generous indiscretions incidental to the period of undergraduateship, had something to do with. The senior fellow of St. Ambrose was not popular, and there were curious stories afloat as to the way in which Mr. Pindar openly dared, upon more occasions than one, to beard the lion in his den, and plainly to indicate his contempt for Mr. Wygram, who was some years back the college dean, which by no means lowered him in popular estimation. It is surprising what a magnifying power distance in these cases lends; and the undergraduate of a present period finds no difficulty in exaggerating the most trivial deflection from the path of academical orthodoxy, on the part of one who has been an undergraduate of a past period, into the most heinous of peccadilloes. The scandals which were afloat relative to the eccentricities of Mr. Pindar's doings years ago, *Consule Planco*, would have filled a book, and all were most probably groundless in the same degree. As for the gentleman in question, his manner was uniformly modest and retiring: the only thing which would seem to give colour to these absurdities, and very likely fictions of the undergraduate mind, was the fact that he possessed a beard of considerable dimensions, and perpetually wore a coat which was not remarkable for its clerical cut. Latterly Mr. Pindar threw up his tutorship, and then, of course, a thousand stories were fabricated as to the reasons which had prompted the step. When it was discussed, men would look knowing, and, nudging each other, would talk about 'that night when we met Mr. Pindar, you know where, Jones, eh, and how?' But neither the mystery nor its explana-

tion ever progressed further than this. Mr. Pindar was fond of a good gallop with George Drake's hounds; and the story that his pupils on coming to his lecture-room one morning, as usual, saw the notice, 'Mr. Pindar having an engagement this morning, will not lecture;' and a little later in the day caught a vision of the absentee tutor dismounting in pink and tops at the St. Ambrose gate from a dirt-splashed steed, is undoubtedly true enough. It was thus the fashion to speak of Mr. Pindar as a 'rattling good fellow,' and too go-ahead for the old, crusty St. Ambrose dons—why, as I have said, no one exactly knew, but still so it was.

The college tutors whom we have now seen all belong to the recognised constitutional type: I can count among my reminiscences of the class others of a widely different kind. Young dons these, of a very modern order, upstarts in every sense of the word, loudly professing opinions, simply because they happened to be at variance with the usual Oxford way of thinking, and whose noisy eulogies of novelty were in reality nothing more than bids for notoriety. On the principle that there is no fool like an old fool, there is no don like a young don. Energy, indeed, you get, but weighted with what an amount of insufferable bumptiousness! These gentlemen are no sooner installed in their places than they become infatuated with the idea that everything is going wrong; the hour points to reform, and so they are to be the reformers. Art, intellect, and themselves—these are the three great articles in their creed. By one who watches the tide of changes at present flowing into Oxford, it can scarcely be doubted that there is much to regret in the overweening influence which has latterly been acquired by these theorists and experimentalists, the vile *corpus* on which their experiments are tried being none other than the venerable body of their *Alma Mater* itself. Pleasant it is to turn from these particular specimens of tutorial development once more to the constitutional orthodox type, and to find

oneself in the presence of a don who not only performs his duties faithfully by his college and his pupils, but who is the thorough English gentleman—a man of the stamp which we want for country parsons and for country squires. Such an one was Mr. Bulton, who, in one capacity or another, had been in unintermittent residence at St. Ambrose for the last twenty-five years. A capital coach, and a true friend—a man who enjoyed life generally, and life's good things, but differed as essentially from those Sileni of the common room, whom the ill-informed or wilfully-blind roman-cist delights to portray, as Hyperion from a satyr. You might have gone a long way when I was a St. Ambrose undergraduate before you would have found so close an approximation to the ideal college tutor as the Rev. Charles Bulton. There are two things which offend the susceptible youth *in statu pupillari* in his intercourse with the college powers that be—prudish arrogance and stiffness on the one hand, presuming familiarity on the other. This truth the experience which Mr. Bulton had would have taught him, even if his own good taste had not pointed the lesson of itself: to the functions implied in the word tutor Mr. Bulton attached a very different and much wider significance than that which it generally involves. He considered that it was his duty to be a friend and counsellor as well as teacher and critic to the St. Ambrose undergraduates; that is, to such as showed themselves desirous of having either his friendship or his counsel. For Mr. Bulton was very far from being infested with that passion for creating proselytes and partisans which unfortunately usually results in widening the gulf between graduate and undergraduate. The lads who wished to see him he was glad to see, and they knew it. Contrast with such a man Mr. Cicala, a tutor of St. Ambrose also in my time, the junior of Mr. Bulton in age by fifteen years, in tact and insight by his whole lifetime. Cicala, however, felt that he had a mission. St. Ambrose was in

a corrupt state; there was too much dissipation, too many wines, too frequent card playing, and too little reading. Gradually it reached Cicala's ears that certain undergraduates of St. Ambrose were positively in the habit of holding loo and whist parties in each other's rooms every Sunday evening. Here the policy of non-intervention, the acute and virtuous college officer thought, clearly ought to end. Mr. Cicala had been tutor of St. Ambrose quite long enough to become thoroughly unpopular. The undergraduates disliked his attempts at familiarity with them, and objected to intrusions which were dictated by a spirit of patronage. Probably Mr. Cicala had observed something of this dislike, and was determined to show the junior members of St. Ambrose that if he could fawn he could also bite. It was quite necessary in this particular instance, he conceived, for the successful execution of his plan, that the gambling Sabbath-breakers should be detected in the very act. When, therefore, he had ascertained that the whole company of these irreverent youths was assembled, he determined to enter the door of the room in which they were assembled, astonish them by his appearance, denounce, and depart. He did so; but the lads were too wise to be terrified at the parting words of the academical detective, 'Gentlemen, I shall report you all to the Principal to-morrow.' Report them Cicala certainly did; but the Principal plainly told him that he had been guilty of a great error in policy. He summoned to him the host of the preceding evening, remonstrated with him on the impropriety of these Sunday *réunions*, and there the matter ended. The report immediately went round St. Ambrose that Cicala had been regularly snubbed and 'sat upon,' and the consequence was that the influence of the ardent reformer of St. Ambrose depravity became a dead letter from that day. Cicala happened to forget, if he ever knew, that the most effectual way of securing any moral hold or power over young men is by showing them first that you are a gentleman, and

that you intend to treat them as if they were too.

This last episode, and the mention of the two last characters, those of Mr. Bulton and Mr. Cicala, opens up a question which is one of the most important of all those connected with the social economy and management of Oxford and its colleges, the relation between tutor and pupil, or, to put it more generally, between don and undergraduate. For any one who has the slightest knowledge of the facts, it is impossible to say that it is satisfactory as it exists at present. It is not a healthy sign that the majority of young men who have just taken their degree should not have a single good word to say for their academic superiors as a class; that it should be as rare an exception to find an undergraduate praise a don as to find the don whom the undergraduate wishes to praise. Before I pass on to say a few words on the general subject, there is one single point which it is as well not to leave out of consideration. Curiously enough it may seem, the one main charge which you find the average undergraduate bringing against his academical superiors is that of a grasping cupidity. On what foundation does this charge rest? In the first place, it has become of late the custom for the authorities of some of the different colleges to open within their walls stores for grocery, and other such goods, in order, it is said, that the undergraduate committed to their care may not be compelled to submit to the extortions of unscrupulous tradesmen in the town. The profession is admirable: but what is the fact? Now it is positively the case that the articles which are sold within the college walls exceed in price, and do not equal in quality, those which are sold in the town. The surplus profit—where does that go? Well, where should it go, save into the capacious pockets of 'my college tutors?' In the second place, it is perhaps known that when an undergraduate takes possession of his college rooms he has to pay a certain valuation for the furniture already in them. During his resi-

dence he will in all probability add several articles to the stock of more or less value according not perhaps to his purse but to his taste. His twelfth term comes, and at the same time that he has to quit his college rooms he will also very likely be quitting Oxford and taking his degree. He may find it—and most likely will find it—impossible to do either of these things without paying off some few outstanding little debts. How is the money to be forthcoming? As for the paternal store, the demands already made on it have been enough, and more than enough. It does not seem an unnatural thing that he should look to his rooms' valuation as a source of income. He is giving them up, and returning them to their original proprietor, the college. With a view to concluding this negotiation, our undergraduate calls upon the bursar, that official suavely but decisively informing him, in answer to his request, that it is quite impossible, that it is altogether against the rules, and that before he can receive the sum for which he asks some incoming tenant must be found. What is to be done? It is June now, and it must be October before the new lodger can be found. Meanwhile, it is not improbably a matter of serious importance that the undergraduate should take his degree forthwith. Again, what is to be done? The long and short is that the lad is driven to the money-lender, who, for a trifling consideration of sixty per cent., lends him the required sum, and frees him, in a fashion, from this dire dilemma. Surely this state of things is no more desirable than it is really just. It cannot be defended by any legal argument whatever. It is not the undergraduate who selects the next lodger, but the college. On one tenant's quitting a set of chambers, all jurisdiction over them must revert to the college. As for the inexpediency and ungenerosity of the existing system, it is unnecessary to say a word on these.

To come back to the more general question—the ordinary social relations existing between the two

classes, the governing and the governed, undergraduates and dons. As for the difficulty of ruling and disciplining schoolboys who have just assumed the brevet rank of men, nothing need be said on that point. Something has already been remarked on what constitutes the real difficulty and creates the real mischief to which I now refer—the enormous prevalence of very young fellows and tutors at Oxford. The objection to them is not indeed their youth itself, but the inexperience, the want of tact, the deficiency of perception which that youth is generally found to bring with it. A sudden desire seizes these clumsy amateurs at management of treating a college as if it was a family, and developing a miscellaneous society of young men, whose only tie is local contiguity, into a brotherhood whose bond of union is consanguinity. 'We are all equals here' that is the motto of these philanthropic reformers. A pleasant sentiment enough, but one which is utterly impracticable in reality, and which refuses to recognise facts as they are and as they must be. A college depends upon discipline; discipline implies authority; authority exacts obedience; and obedience involves inequality. Undergraduates are not ignorant enough or vain enough not to be aware of

this. Now it may be very well for tutors to cultivate amicable relations, not merely professionally, but socially, with their pupils: it is a good thing to find dons who cricket and dons who will row in the college eight. But if an attempt is made to push these generally amicable relations to the familiarity of equality, the whole scheme will break down. This is a plain fact which your young college tutor ignores. He wishes at once to take advantage of the superiority which his position as a don gives him, and to be received by the undergraduate as an equal friend. He is guilty of the impertinence of lounging at any hour into the rooms of lads with whom he has never had any personal acquaintance; and the impertinence is keenly felt, and naturally, as well as properly, resented. He endeavours to learn the secret doings of undergraduates by professions of brotherhood, and then utilizes what he has learnt for the assertion of superiority and the enforcement of discipline. There is reason to believe that the tone of Oxford is higher now than it has been for some years; if anything could lower it, it would be this mischievous and mistaken relation which the young 'fellow' endeavours to establish between undergraduate and don.

HOW ABOUT THE BIG NEEDLE?

DR. W. H. RUSSELL, in his recent 'Diary of the Visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales to Egypt,' comments on the liability to destruction which awaits the marvellous works at Luxor, Karnac, and other parts of Thebes and Egypt, notwithstanding the almost imperishable character of the stone. He remarks that 'All nations have a common interest in the preservation of these magnificent monuments. They are in great danger. The Nile menaces them every year; and it would need very little to cause the fall of many a glorious pylon which a very little outlay could render safe.' Besides this, it

appears that travellers—tourists, who surely ought to know better—actually chip off bits from some of the wondrous sculptures, to take away as trophies. In reference to one of the famous Luxor obelisks, Dr. Russell adverts to the fact that we are doing nothing for that which was long ago given to us. 'The non-user of our right has led to doubts of its existence; and Colonel Stanton had a sharp controversy with Mourad Pacha, who denied that the obelisk belonged to us at all.'

Many of us here in England are quite ignorant of the fact that any of the Egyptian obelisks belong to

us, except a few small specimens at the British Museum. But, in truth, Egypt has supplied Europe with such things for a period very much like two thousand years past. The Romans were particularly active in obelisk-hunting. They began to do this in the time of Augustus, and continued it to the time of Constantine, re-erecting the obelisks in their famous city. Most of these obelisks have been thrown down or otherwise injured in the lapse of centuries; and in the process of restoration, new portions have been added to the old. The Lateran obelisk, as it is called, in front of the Lateran church at Rome, is the largest in that city, and probably the largest now existing anywhere; it was moved from Heliopolis to Alexandria by Constantine, and afterwards brought to Rome by his son Constantius. Altogether there are about a dozen Egyptian obelisks at Rome, now mostly known by the Italian names of the spots where they have been set up. There are, for instance, the Lateran obelisk, just mentioned, no less than a hundred and eighty-six feet high; the Vatican obelisk, eighty-three feet; the Flaminio del Popolo obelisk, seventy-eight feet; the Piazza di Monte Citorio obelisk, seventy-two feet; the Piazza Ravona obelisk, fifty-four feet; the Santa Maria Maggiore obelisk, forty-eight feet; the Quirinale di Monte Cavallo obelisk, forty-eight feet; and others of smaller height. These, like nearly all the other Egyptian and Theban obelisks, are monoliths, each one single stone. The more important among them, wrought three or four thousand years ago, were mostly of red Syene granite. They were not usually insulated monuments or single objects, but were regarded as accessories to palaces and temples, chiefly placed in pairs, one on either side of the propylon or principal entrance. For the most part their medium or middle diameter was equal to about one-tenth of the height, and the taper from bottom to top was slight and gradual. The apex, or pyramidion, was a sort of little pyramid. Generally the horizontal section was not a perfect

square, two of the sides being a little broader than the other two. Some of the faces were slightly convex; but usually each was flat, and engraved with hieroglyphics. The total number of such obelisks must have been very large, although those which are historically known are comparatively few. Two of great celebrity stood before the propylon of the vast Temple of Luxor at Thebes. The Pacha of Egypt, Mahomet Ali, presented one of them to England and one to France, forty years and more ago. What the French have done with theirs, we shall see presently; what we have done with ours, may be expressed by a single word—nothing!

How did the Romans bring such ponderous masses across the Mediterranean from Egypt to Italy; and, still more difficult, how did they bring them down or through Egypt to Alexandria? Pliny describes some of the arrangements connected with an obelisk a hundred and twenty feet high, erected at Alexandria by Ptolemæus Philadelphus. A canal was dug from the Nile to the place where the obelisk lay. Two boats were placed side by side, filled with pieces of stone having the aggregate weight of the obelisk; these pieces were in masses of one cubic foot each; so that the ratio between the quantity of matter in the obelisk and that held by the boats could be determined by a little calculation. The boats were laden to twice the weight of the obelisk, in order that they might pass under it: the two ends of the mighty monolith resting on the two banks of the canal. Then, as the pieces of stone were taken out one by one, the boats rose, until at last they supported the obelisk. They were finally towed down the canal, bearing their burden with them. So far Pliny's account is clear: but he tells us little or nothing of the tremendous task, performed ages before, of originally transporting such masses from the Syene quarries to Thebes and Heliopolis. It seems probable that the Egyptian obelisks were originally set up near the Nile; and a part of the labour resolved itself into trans-

port by means of rafts or boats. An account is given by Herodotus of the transport of a large block of granite to form a monolith temple. The block measured thirty-two feet long, twenty-one feet wide, and twelve feet high; its weight is estimated to have been not less than three hundred tons. The transport of this huge mass down the Nile, from Syene to the Delta, occupied two thousand men for three years. We know from other sources that the poor ill-used slave-labourers ('Retschid fellahs,' as one of our punsters has called them) were employed in vast numbers in pyramid-building and other heavy works; and there are traces here and there, among the bas-reliefs of the British Museum, of mechanical appliances used in such labour as this.

So far as Rome is concerned, we have a few accounts extant of the mode of bringing obelisks across the Mediterranean, and setting them up in new localities. When Constantius caused the Lateran obelisk (as it is now called) to be moved from Heliopolis to Alexandria, Constantine arranged for its further removal to Europe. A ship was built expressly for the purpose, manned by three hundred rowers; and on this ship the obelisk was floated. Laboriously did the immense cargo cross the Mediterranean and ascend the Tiber to Rome. The obelisk was moved on rollers through the Gate of Ostia to the Circus Maximus. Large beams of wood were then placed upright, and firmly embedded in the ground; strong ropes were passed from beam to beam in various directions, and by means of these (probably aided by pulleys) the small end of the obelisk was gradually raised until the proper vertical position was attained. Nor has modern Rome failed to do something in this way. What the emperors began in ancient days, the popes continued in more recent times. When, in the sixteenth century, many of the Egyptian obelisks were about to be re-erected at Rome, means had to be devised for moving such ponderous masses. No less than five hundred different plans are said to have been submitted by

architects and engineers to Pope Sixtus the Sixth, for raising the obelisk which now stands in front of St. Peter's; and Fontana is considered to have achieved wonders when, by the aid of many hundreds of men and horses, he fulfilled the allotted task.

Our French neighbours have shown themselves deficient neither in spirit nor in skill in this matter of Egyptian obelisks. When Mahomet Ali, as stated in a former paragraph, presented the French government with one of the two noble Luxor obelisks, measures were at once taken to utilise the gift. The government resolved to transport it to Paris, and to set it up in some place of honour. M. Lebas, a skilful engineer, was entrusted with the task; and severely indeed did it tax his energies and ingenuity. Let us see how he accomplished it. He built a vessel expressly for the purpose, and set off from Toulon to Alexandria in 1831, accompanied by a hundred and fifty workmen. Slowly and with great difficulty was this vessel navigated up the Nile, from Alexandria to Thebes. Eight hundred men were then employed for three months in making an inclined plane from the river's bank up to the place where the obelisk stood, a distance of about a quarter of a mile. Next ensued the tedious labour of lowering and moving this mass of granite, weighing little less than two hundred and fifty tons. The obelisk was encased in timber, to avert fracture and injury. Moved down to the river-side by an immense application of manual labour and mechanical contrivances, it was placed at length on board the vessel. The voyage down the Nile commenced, after waiting nine months for a sufficient depth of water. The river journey took three months, and Alexandria was reached towards the close of the year 1832. A whole year was then spent in a series of voyages, amid multiplied difficulties—first to Toulon, then to Cherbourg, then to Havre, and then up the Seine to Paris, where the weighty monolith arrived about Christmas, 1833. It was necessary to construct a pedestal of massive materials,

which to set up the obelisk. Blocks of granite were brought from Brittany, the largest of which measured ten feet by ten, and sixteen feet in height. An inclined plane was then made, leading up from the banks of the Seine to the Place de la Concorde, where a platform of rough masonry was formed on a level with the top of the pedestal. The obelisk, placed on a timber stage or car, was dragged up this plane by means of ropes and capstans. One edge of its base having been brought to the edge of the pedestal, the raising of the smaller end was effected by ropes and pulleys attached to the heads of ten masts, five on each side. It was tough and tedious work; but at length, on the 25th of October, 1836, Lebas had the satisfaction of seeing the Luxor obelisk elevated into its place—after a series of operations which had engaged his almost undivided attention for the greater part of six years.

As to the companion obelisk at Luxor, that which was given to England at the time of the presentation to France of the one just noticed, nothing whatever has been done with it; there it is still, liable to injuries due to the rising of the Nile, and to the discreditable picking and stealing on the part of tourists.

But there is another obelisk which has, for various reasons, excited much more interest in England. Is there any reasonable chance that we shall ever see the far-famed Cleopatra's Needle in England?—that the Benchers of the Temple, for instance, will have it in their pleasant and chrysanthemum-bedecked garden; that the pedestrians on the Thames Embankment will see it before them, or beside them, as they walk along? that it will be a credit to us here in England, instead of a disgrace to us in Egypt? Many readers of this magazine will be surprised at such a question, not having heard of so novel a transfer from one locality to another; but the suggestion has really been made, and supported by many persons who have a right to an opinion on the subject. Other querists may ask—What is this Cleopatra's Needle?

where is it? who made it? what had Cleopatra to do with it? is it anything like a needle? how did we come to possess it? who gave it to us, and when? and if it is ours, why is it not now in some part or other of Queen Victoria's dominions? Well, this said Cleopatra's Needle is supposed to have been one of four monolith obelisks which Sesotris set up at Heliopolis, and of which two were removed from that place to Alexandria. One was transported to Italy by the Romans; the second and third need not be particularly mentioned here; while the fourth is known as Cleopatra's Needle—the origin of which designation we cannot explain. This so-called needle now lies prostrate in sand and dust near Alexandria. It is about sixty-three feet long by eight feet square at the base. It consists of one single magnificent block of porphyry; and as there are no porphyry quarries nearer than six hundred miles from Heliopolis, Sesotris (if he be the man) must have adopted some formidable means of transporting such a mass.

Now this Cleopatra's Needle is ours—unless Dr. Russell's remark about 'non-user' applies to this as well as to the obelisk at Luxor. Some persons say that it was ours by right of war, so far back as 1801, when the British defeated the French in Egypt. The English officers ranked it among the trophies gained from the French, without much regard to the disputed rights of the Pacha against the Sultan, or of the French against both. Curious bits of information on this subject have been made public within the last two or three years. There are, it is understood, two aged British officers still living who were concerned in the operations in Egypt nearly seventy years ago. One of these is the veteran Field-Marshal Sir John Fox Burgoyne; and he has made public some of his reminiscences on this matter. He says: 'After the French were expelled, Major-General Lord Cavan was left in command, and took a great interest in the project for removing to England the prostrate obelisk. I think it was meant to be done by

subscription, which failed; but the arrangement went so far that a transport was selected for its conveyance, and the manner of its stowage defined—a somewhat delicate operation with such an enormous single block. A temporary timber jetty, to the end of which the ship could lie, was constructed from the shore close to the monument—when the whole was interrupted for want of funds. This fine old soldier, certainly one of the patriarchs of the army, has called to mind a *jeu d'esprit* which was composed by one of the officers at the time. It consisted of a picture representing Lord Cavan carrying off Cleopatra's Needle, Pompey's Pillar, and a couple of pyramids; the Needle under one arm, the other monuments in a sort of carpenter's basket; and underneath were some verses, of which two ran thus—

'How you thus, Atlas-like, sustain
Such pond'rous weights, nor yet complain
Of toil attendant on your station;
And how, in your gigantic eyes,
Vast mountains shrink to molehill size—
I note, my lord, with admiration.

'The Needle on th' Egyptian shore,
Beheld by you, appears no more
Than a small bodkin stuck through paper;
And Pompey's Pillar, I declare,
I wish your lordship had a pair;
'T would serve you just to hold a taper.'

Nearly thirty years after those stirring Bonapartean days in Egypt, Cleopatra's Needle was more formally presented to us by the (then) Pacha. We thanked him, but did nothing. In 1847, Major-General Delamotte reported that the Needle was still in good preservation, except a little clipping at the edges. About the same period, the late Prince Consort wrote a letter on the subject of bringing the obelisk to England, stating how willing he would be to aid in some such operation. In 1849, Mr. John Macgregor, who now 'paddles his own canoe' on so many seas, lakes, and rivers, visited Egypt, and found the Needle about one-third buried in the sand, the remaining two-thirds being still visible. Two years afterwards, several British officers who had been engaged in the Egyptian expedition just half a century before (and of whom, as

we have just said, only two are now left), memorialised Lord John Russell on the subject of bringing the obelisk to England; but nothing definite seems to have resulted from this application. Another period of eleven years passed, and then, in 1862, when there was a plan broached for setting up some kind of monolith obelisk in Hyde Park, on the site of the first Great Exhibition Crystal Palace, some advisers recommended Cleopatra's Needle for appropriation in this way; but no one was prepared with a plan for conveying such an unwieldy mass from the banks of the Thames through public streets to Hyde Park. Since that year, Sir Charles Trevelyan, on visiting Egypt, found only one angle of the base of the obelisk visible above the sand—from which angle the donkey boys had knocked off strips for visitors! (Those tourists again!) Still more recently, Mr. Macgregor saw Cleopatra's Needle again in the early part of 1869; or rather, he did not see it; for he found it entirely covered up in a kind of stoneyard. He says: 'In a very few years we may have to dig shafts, like those I have been in at Jerusalem—to see where a gift stone is, second to none in Egypt for interest, and to few in grandeur and dignity.'

There are now again proposals for bringing this grand monolith to England—threading our great Needle in such a way that it will not snap the thread. The energetic and whimsical captain, mate, cook, steward, and cabin-boy of the canoe 'Rob Roy' says: 'If I could help at all in bringing this Alexandrian stone to London, it would be a real pleasure, even if only to remove a stigma from our nation; for we are often and justly blamed in Egypt because we spend thousands in digging up things all over the globe, but will not spend hundreds to bring this one home, or even to prevent it from being lost for ever.' Mr. Macgregor probably does not strictly mean that 'hundreds' of pounds would suffice to do it; but he is quite right in thinking that we could easily master the difficulty if we chose. If the Trafalgar Square

lions are worth 12,000*l.*, how much is Cleopatra's Needle worth? This is a question which we should really like somebody to solve. In his latest canoe-book, 'The Rob Roy on the Jordan,' Mr. Macgregor again adverts to this subject. When marvelling at some of the ruins near Zoan, in the Delta, he exclaims: 'Think of the labour of transporting hither these stones, each many hundreds of tons in weight, from the Upper Nile, whence several of them *must* have come; and yet we Englishmen have left the splendid obelisk, Cleopatra's Needle, close by the sea at Alexandria for fifty years, though it belongs to England, and would grace our finest site in London. In 1849 the neglected gift was only half buried; but in 1869 it was so completely hidden that not even the owner of the workshop where it lies could point out to me the exact spot of its sandy grave!' The money difficulty we could soon get over, if we liked; and as for the engineering difficulty, there would be less in bringing an obelisk from Alexandria to London, than from Luxor to Paris, seeing that the tedious navigation of the Nile would be almost wholly avoided, and that the Thames is better fitted for navigation than the narrow and tortuous Seine. From time to time, during past years, schemes have been put forth for bringing home Cleopatra's Needle. One elaborate plan involved the building of a dry dock close to

the spot where the obelisk now lies; the formation in this dock of a solid mass of timber, large enough to sustain the obelisk, and stout enough to float it; the hauling of the obelisk on this raft; the enclosing it with enormous timbers on every side; the construction upon it of cabins and other requirements for a sailing-ship; the excavating of a canal from the dry dock to the Nile; the filling of the dock and the canal with water; the floating of the large mass; and the navigating of it to England. But there is plenty of brain-power at hand. Tell our Fowlers or Batemans, our Cubitts or Hawkshaws, that all reasonable cash for the work would be forthcoming, and any one of them could devise an effective plan for bringing this grand Egyptian trophy to the metropolis. And why should it not be placed in the Temple Gardens, as has been proposed? There would not be a bit of land-carriage from end to end of the journey. The arches of the five bridges below that spot are now of ample span enough to permit the Needle to pass through them. The chimney-shaft of Messrs. Smith's distillery at Pimlico is said to have been modelled on the proportions of Cleopatra's Needle: if this be so, we may judge how grand an appearance the *real* Needle would present at the proposed locality. A penny ride in a Thames steamer would then give us a very pleasant pennyworth of Egypt.

POPPIES IN THE CORN;

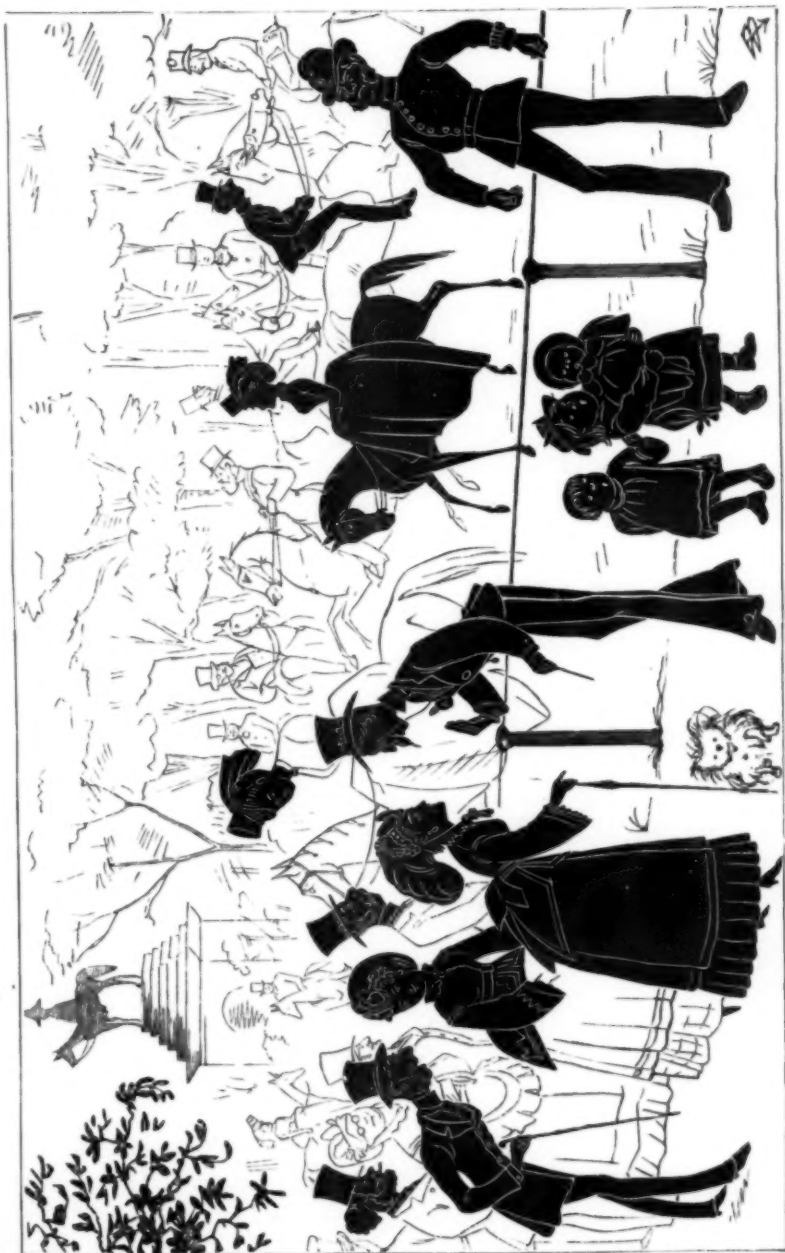
OR, GLAD HOURS IN THE GRAVE YEARS.—No. XI.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'THE HARVEST OF A QUIET EYE,' &c.

COLLEGE FRIENDS.

COLLEGE friends. Yes, I must people the old walls, and not leave the beautiful city in the loneliness of Vacation days; a shell without the mollusk. I have called up the venerable buildings, the noble streets, the Towers and Spires. I have summoned before memory the scenery; but this would seem

cold and bald (however lovely) without the persons of the drama. The short drama; a piece in three acts: three years, and three examinations; and then the curtain falls, let us hope, not without some moderate applause. Applause at least from the home circle, and the choice band of friends: there is, for them,



IN THE HEIGHT OF FASHION.—A SKETCH IN JET AT HYDE PARK CORNER.



MY PORTRAIT

AT



THE ACADEMY



IN APRIL.

Sketched by Horace Stanton.

always something to praise; you obtained an honorary Fourth; or the examiner thanked you;—or looked as though he would have liked to thank you, had he not felt bashful. Applause, where this is anyhow possible: sometimes, indeed, a sad, rebuking silence; sometimes (ah, rarely, from the kind home-hearts, at least!) hissing, execration.

How delightful, however, to leave the stage as a 'well-graced actor,' 'Not void of righteous self-applause,' no doubt. But still more blessed in the proud and happy look of the father, at the return home—the father that had so faithfully and self-denyingly pinched and saved to send his bonny boy into the world well equipped for the battle of life; to send him out a gentleman and a scholar, with the chance (until our Universities have been *liberalised* down to infidelity) of being an intelligent Churchman too. And now his wistful longings, lookings, expectings, have not been disappointed. Heartily could he enjoy the minor triumph of seeing him smiting Cambridge to leg and to off, and far away beside frantic long-on, at Lord's, or of seeing him stand on the shore, flushed with toil and triumph, stalwart, brave, and lithe, and fit to row another mile yet, when the gallant light-blue had just rowed by, fagged and dejected. Heartily might the appreciative father enter into such excitements as these, seeing that they were but preludes to that great day when trembling hands were opening a letter, on which 'All right!' had been thoughtfully written, and which announced that the young fellow had been placed in the First Class. Oh, the greeting when he came home, with another first added to that—a double first-class man!

No doubt it was delightful, that expected moment of the coming out of the list; that first exhilaration, that writing off the good news just in time for post; those congratulations of tutors, and the cheers of the fellows at the farewell supper. No doubt it was a day to be remembered all through life, that day of the B.A. degree; the entering the

Schools clad in the wisp of gown which Dons insist on undergraduates wearing in its undeveloped scantiness (chiefly, it seems to me, after careful research, because the men object to the garment)—the entering the Schools, I say, thus habited, and, after a brief ceremony, emerging to surrender to the obsequious scout the tattered fragment which was the badge of the undergraduate, and then to stalk proudly forth into the Oxford streets robed in the full and flowing garb of the Bachelor. Was not this a delightful day? Better far than that forlorn Master's Degree, over two years after, when all the old faces are away, and never a welcome found in so much as one of the old rooms. There are, you see, for the Bachelor, still most of the old band; and hearty sympathies, and stalwart pats on the back, and vehement bravoos are all at his beck and call. Was not that, then, a delightful day, when he became a Graduate of Oxford; when he could look back upon Examinations, small moderate, and great, as henceforth things of the past; when the B.A. importance was yet a new thing; and all the laurels of the crown fresh and unfaded; and the young success a delight never failing, a thing deliciously to call to mind at first waking in the morning, and at certain luxuriously complacent moments of meditation during the day?

Delightful the sweets of success, while the Term yet lasted, and among the band of University friends. But not in the least comparable to the delight of the home greeting. No, no. The anticipation, the delicious musing during that swift hour's speeding from Reading to London; the arrival, with fluttered heart;—the welcome. Sisters proud and appreciative; brothers admiring and vociferous; the dewy gleam in the father's eye, his wring of the hand, with but little said. Only, in the evening, while the cosy party are gathered about the fire, and there has been a few minutes' reflective silence, a simple speech that touches the young man's heart with its pathetic revelation of the depth of the

father's grateful pride, '*I wish dear *** was here.*' But the mother never lived to see her first-born, her darling, even into his teens. Does she look on? Can she know? Does she uttered wish, that betrays the void in the father's heart, in this hour of his joy, bring any glow of gladness to her spirit, because she may perceive that the remembrance of her, the want of her, still tarry upon the earth?

However these things be, there is no doubt about the sweetness of this hour to the hero of the evening. Is it not well repaid, the self-denial (it was, often, stern self-denial), the hard work, which have resulted in so much happiness, such joy given and received? Ah, he might have had more of enjoyment (falsely so called) had he frittered away his University career in amusement and extravagance; and he might have escaped reproach on his return, after the bare degree, hardly got at last—he might have escaped reproach from the sad-thoughted father. But now were not any pains worth while, to have been the cause of that quiet, thankful joy, too deep for many words, which lights up that father's face, as he meditatively thrums on the table, looking absorbedly into the glow and dance of the Christmas fire? Ah, if young men would think! But they very often will not. How many are even now so living their short University life that in the years to come, often, often, a shade will come over the face at the remembrance of it, and often the vain and sorrowful wish rise from the heart near to the lips, 'Ah, how I wish that I had those grand opportunities again!'

It is, to a tender, thoughtful heart, even pathetic to watch for long and meditate upon an assemblage of the "young fellows; fair, open faces, fresh young cheeks, the glow of health unquenched, smooth brows, vigorous limbs; and minds in tune with the health and young life of the body. Richly endowed with that portion of goods which fell to them from the Father's store, but, in too many cases, not contented to enjoy it under His wise and kind direction: no, they must go out and

away from that, and squander them in the vain world. Health and joyousness and light heart and innocent mind and energy and fire and impulse and vigour: soon all spent, and nought to show for the spending. Then the famine—then the famine! And, *perhaps*, the return after all. But, ah, how much better to have kept at home, and to have saved this harm and loss! Not an utter wreck; that is much; but we had rather have seen the brave vessel sailing into port, not indeed spared by storms and hard weather, but having nobly over-ridden them; a veteran, but not a dismantled hull, only just towed in from destruction.

But I may end these meditations with some verses which seem to the point. Verses written by this humble pen, for noble music, to which they were married by a college friend. They who please may hear them sung, next May the 10th, in St. James's Hall, as a chorale, in a noble Oratorio which will on that day be first performed for a noble cause. The name of the Oratorio being, 'The Return of the Prodigal.' The words are those of a chorus of Angels.

'Father, scorned and slighted,
Dost Thou see Thy child?
Life's fair promise blighted
Once that gaily smiled.
Hope and strength and gladness
Spent, all spent and gone,
Dull despair and madness
Claim him for their own.

'All the joy and laughter
Spent and hushed and dead;
All the deep peace after,
Spent:—for ever fled!
Youth's quick faith and pleasure,
Energy and glow,
All that first rich treasure
Spent:—and nought to show!

'We, Thy sons, Thine Angels,
We, the elder Host,
We would sing evangels
To the lone and lost;
We, Thy children, Father!
Safe within Thy Home;
Therefore yearn the rather
Over those that roam.

'Lo! a hunger ever
Gnaweth at his soul;
Earthly banquets never
Can its want control;

Ah, that want, God-given
Child of the Divine!
Asks the Bread of Heaven,—
Not the food of swine.

Father, art Thou calling,
Calling home the lost?
Is Thy sunshine falling
On the winter-frost?
Father, look upon him,
Wandering and beguiled;
Thou hast not foregone him,
Still is he Thy child!

Father! There is silence,
Deep and still and dread;
Earnest, eager silence,
Till the word be said:
SAVED! He is forgiven!—
Million harps should raise,
Pealing through high Heaven,
Ecstasies of praise!

College friends. Ay, this poem-let comes in *apropos* of my theme. How little I knew, when in my own Freshman's Term I was horrified by the news that the freshman who had taken the next rooms to mine was expecting the arrival of a piano; how little I know the delights in store for me! With a cold shudder I anticipated the slow torture of 'scales,' or of 'exercises,' or the still more excruciating anguish of the continual murder of sweet or grand music. But Mendelssohn's and Beethoven's exquisite masterpieces, rendered by subtlest hands, and a kindred and fully appreciative mind, were, instead, to be my happy portion. Nor were pieces of his own composing, I soon found, unworthy even to alternate with these creations. Beethoven's 'Sonata Pathétique,' and that duet between the bass and treble, one of the 'Songs without Words,' were the first dispellers of my fears concerning that piano. How I learned to love them! Nor has my appreciation the least chilled, nor would, did I hear them every night of my life. How perfect that love-poem of Mendelssohn's! How the earnest notes express the strength and sweetness and depth of man's character, answering gravely to the trusting, gentle, tender pleading of the soft woman-treble. But none, to my mind, ever renders and interprets Mendelssohn as did that college friend of mine, save that the

gentle empress of my own piano has lovingly indulged me by careful study of the—trick would be quite the wrong word—manner, then, of the setting forth the master's music. Rather, however, this consummate playing was simply the catching the maker's meaning in his work.

After a hard day's reading in the maturer Oxford life, just when he fancied my wearied head was laid on the pillow, he (knowing my fancy) would often go to the piano, and soothe my tired senses, and summon rest to my busy mind, and exorcise dark fears concerning the next examination, and banish gnawing crowds of irregular verbs, or perplexing syllogisms, or knotty passages, or tiresome, slippery dates, or subtleties of philosophy, as the case might be. They would lull their weary solicitude, at the potent spell, and I could sink to sleep in an atmosphere of delicious sounds that, as with angel-wings, fanned and cooled my hot and tired brain.

His room and mine are of the old haunts among which memory best loves to linger; and I have but to shut my eyes, and behold, I am again in that familiar room, an honoured and indulged guest, leaning back in his easy-chair. And he sits with his grave face towards the piano, and all the attendant spirits that wait at his beck and obey his summons are making the hour delicious, and dispelling care and anxiety.

College friends. Thus harmonious are my reminiscences of one of them. But, at the word, a cluster of them starts out bright in memory's sky. There is Barton, thin and pale, appreciative of poetry, delighted, on his first call, at seeing Tennyson on my shelves. He comes in and takes his place often, of a morning, on my reclining chair, while I am finishing my breakfast. I have safely landed my egg out of the saucepan, boiled, or (I soared so far) poached on a piece of toast; my tea is made; a friendly book perched on its desk by my plate; I have come in from chapel, and there is, this morning, no lecture for me. Then arrives the well-known tap at the door, the

familiar sociable face; the cosy breakfast chat. Oxford talks seem like no other talks, as Oxford friends are like no other friends. Life seems so to be a thing outspread before us, at that time; we are standing on the brink for the plunge into the buffeting waters, but they do not seem to us, as we stand impatient, exultant there, other than smooth and glittering, or if they do, we glory in the prospect of battling with their fury. All before us; untried, new, exciting; (to change our simile), the time—

‘When, wide in soul and bold of tongue,
Among the tents we paused and sung,
The distant battle flashed and rung.

‘We sung the joyful psalm clear,
And sitting, burnished without fear
The brand, the buckler, and the spear—

‘Waiting to strive a happy strife,
To war with falsehood to the knife,
And not to lose the good of life.’

Yes, all lay before us: if a strife, a happy strife; not the weary sobbing contest with dogged Evil, the dreadful Inkerman nights and days which grim experience brought to us. So we chatted, so we hoped. Both also, of course, in love: his love dawning, and he delighting to dwell upon the sweet present, the ecstatic Future. Ah! it is but last year that he buried dear wife and only child, and started afresh with a new loneliness of life; a loneliness perceived now, as it had not been before:

‘For a sorrow’s crown of sorrows is remembering happier things.’

Then, again, both looking forward to taking Holy Orders. And how bright the prospect! How dear, how delicious the thought of that noblest of work! How wise we would be; how zealous; what deep Divines; what earnest Parish Priests! There would, we knew of course, be obstacles, difficulties,—nay, if not, what sphere for noble work?—for tact, for zeal, for unconquerable patient love? But a bright golden haze mellowed with a tender unreality, all that uncertain, dimly-seen future at which we used to gaze so cheerily, so longingly, in those old Oxford days, in those old Oxford rooms. Ah, how different real war-

fare from anticipated warfare! How different real deeds from pictured deeds! How different experience from romance! Yet, although the golden haze soon lifted from the fields when we entered them and encamped in them, which of us would, had we our choice to make again, for even one half moment reconsider it? Which of us would not, in sadness, reach out our hands even yet more eagerly, for that which we grasped in the joyousness of hopeful inexperience?

Lately, at dinner with a friend, I heard the remark made that no one ought to take Holy Orders unless his father or friends were certain to be able to procure him a ‘Living’ in due time. Now I hate the word, *Living*; it is a grovelling name for such a charge as is that of a Cure of souls. I created a smile by the warmth with which I broke in, declaring that if I knew at the outset that my only boy would remain all his life a Curate with 80*l.* a year, I would choose that life for him before the proudest other position the world had to offer. And so I would. We clergymen are to blame for seeming to talk and think so much of ‘Preferment’ (hateful word!). It seems too hideous to suppose that reticence, in times and crises that need outspoken speech, can ever have anything to do with the thought and expectation of this. That mouths watering for bishoprics or deaneries can thus be prevented from pealing forth trumpet utterances that would be *imprudent*. Yet the fear cannot be banished that thus the case sometimes is. And what must the laity think? Are the sneers about the loaves and fishes quite and always undeserved? Oh, vile and abject condition of things! Oh for a few more Denison and Burgon spirits! The ‘cold shade’ under which they may lie shall be lifted one day. Then shall they *shine forth as the sun*.

But Barton has finished his weed (he sometimes indulged in that bad habit, not only of smoking, but of smoking in the morning), and I my breakfast. So I start out of the reverie into which I fell while he

was studying some examination-papers for 'Mods' (which agreeable employment loomed in the horizon;) and leave Thomas to clear my table for work. O those examination-papers! does not a thrill come over us as we recall our anxious perusal of them, and markings of this point and that, which had been evidently intended to 'stump' the hapless victims of their extinct fury? And a cold shudder ran down the back, as we felt that fresh ones, yet unborn, and unguessed at, lurked in the minds of examiners, to be, one dreadful day, set face to face with ourselves! What a pensive moment is that in which, in after-life, we take out those magic slips of paper, the four 'Testamurs.' What memories of confident or anxious waiting; of the joyous step of the friend coming into our room with them! What a pleasant warmth down the back, and kindly self-complacency in the heart, as we meet the congratulations of the men in Hall! What a bright glow seems to light the streets and buildings as we walk out into them;—'the very Schools appear to smile.' But how long ago now since all that was over!

Pass we on, however, to other College friends. One, a Professor now at Oxford; then, a double First-class man of our Hall; a pride for us and for him. Not at first a College friend: too much my Senior when I came; too great a man. But he has instituted a Debating society to be held in our dining-hall, and he is to open it with a debate on 'Tennyson, whether or no he be worthy the name of a true Poet?'

Barton and I are, need I say? roused men at this. What though he be a Graduate who leads the attack, and we but junior men? If no worthier champion arise, ourselves shall stand in the gap. And in truth there was little doubt that we should have to do so, for, sooth to say, few were the students and appreciators of the great poet in our community at that time; and, say what we would, we well knew that the dead-weight of our opponents' opinion would probably prevail to turn the scale against our arguments. Still, we would 'keep the

bridge' against whatever odds. Barton should lead, and I should second the defence.

The evening came: the attack was made; the poetry itself, and the sentiment of the poetry furiously assailed. Barton replied at great length, interspersing his speech with many quotations, but these running much upon the subject of love, to which weakness or strength the speaker was accredited with a strong bias, more merriment was provoked than perhaps was well for the weighing of grave argument. Which, however, was borne with imperturbable good-humour, and much applause followed the sitting down of the Tennysonian champion. The debate was adjourned, on the motion of another of the assailants. I was to reply to him.

One's first speech in public!—especially to an Oxford public!—it must be owned to be an anxious matter. Should I stick? Should I break down? For one can have no possible idea of whether the faculty of fluent public speech is in any degree possessed until a trial has been made. And many will sympathise in the solicitude with which I looked forward to what was to be my maiden effort.

Behold, however, the Hall filled with a goodly gathering; even a Master of Arts there—to undergraduates, a kind of superior being; one of those who 'Live and lie reclined on the hills like Gods together, careless of mankind; for they lie beside their nectar, and the clouds are lightly curled.' Well; one of them was of the audience. The adjourner of the debate made a speech *apropos* of nothing; and, upon his sitting down, I found that the inevitable moment had come for me to make my first appearance as a debater. Perhaps the less said about it the soonest mended. Enough to say that, certain kind applause helping me on, I did not, at least, stick fast, or break down. I remember to this day (our earliest successes or, at least, *non-failures*, have a sweetness about them which no after, even if really great, success can command), I remember to this day the gratification with which the applause filled my heart, when I

had sat down, after some such magnificent peroration as this—

'To those who have read this poet, and yet love him not;—who have, nevertheless, like my opponent, proved themselves to be of first-class—nay, of *Double First-class*—ability' (here the applause was vociferous), 'to these I can only express my regret that they and I should be on opposite sides in this debate.

'To those who are non-appreciative because they have not read Tennyson—and this is a large class—I will quote the words of the Editors of Shakespeare: "Read him, therefore; and again, and again; and if then you do not like him, surely you are in some manifest danger not to understand him."

'To those—and I am sure there are none here—who simply have not the power to appreciate true poetry, and who bay, like dogs, at the sound of sweet music, I can only say, in the words of the mighty poet himself, "Let them rave!"

Poor claptrap, of course; but many a speech more applauded than was my humble maiden effort is even composed of the same material. And have I ever forgotten the modicum of applause then accorded? or the compliment of my senior foe, upon the 'skill and power of mind' which I had displayed? or his coming to me next morning to urge me to read for Honours instead of the modest Pass to which alone I aspired? Pshaw! this seems absurd, egoistic; but it is not so. I write to the public, and merely as one of the public. For have we not all had our first successes (however crude), and our first glow at them, never equalled, I say, by the more sober triumphs of maturer years? Are not the achievements, the disappointments, of youth far more keenly, if less deeply and lastingly felt, than those of the Summer or waning Autumn of life?

Ἄλλ' ἀριστεῖν, καὶ θείρον ἐμμεναι
ἔλλων'

we learn in truth that there is something nobler than this, as life's sad earnest sifts us. But the desire to excel, to win praise, in some degree to rise to notice among our equals—this is the natural desire of the heart

in youth. And a slight success, a little wind of applause, is unspeakably dear to us, when neither we nor the world yet know of what we are made, nor whether or no there be in us any sterling stuff.

So, to this very day, there is a pleasure in recalling that evening of first debate, and this notwithstanding the sad fact that weighted down, as I contended, by the name of a double first-class man, the majority went against us! Still, however, the Poet sits on his throne, and added laurels, since that day, have graced his kingly brow. And my opponent has gained a professorial chair, and is the writer of that admirable book, 'Constitutional Progress,' so useful a *résumé* of the history of the constitution of this great country; and this from a stanch Church point of view. And for myself, I sit contented in the study in my country curacy, not otherwise known to fame than as the modest author of 'The Harvest of a Quiet Eye.'

Well, reminiscences of College friends must take, of necessity, rather a personal complexion. Let me pass on to another friend—another episode in the pleasant three years.

A rare specimen of humanity was Edgar Atheling, with a peculiar genius for getting into, and out of, rows with proctors, examiners, whom not. He it was who first of all entered my rooms, on the evening of my arrival as a Freshman, and as he often appealingly reminded me afterwards, 'lent me a candle the first night.' He was in residence one term before myself. When I came up I soon heard of him, not, however, as I have shewn just now, before I saw him. But accounts reached me of how, failing in his endeavour to gain permission to remove the bars from outside his window, he had covered them with gilding; how he had defied the foolish conventionalities of the University by lounging at the gate of the Quad., in a green dressing-gown, scarlet Fox cap, and slippers, and with a long clay pipe in his mouth; and this in the hours before two, when the rules of the University require the academic dress. This was on the second

morning of his residence. One of the Tutors (unknown to him) coming up, and accosting him with considerable amaze, was received with a stiff bow, and the remark, 'You have the advantage of me, sir. I do not remember to have been introduced to you.' 'Never mind that, Mr. Atheling,' the Tutor somewhat warmly rejoined. 'You will know me well enough some day. In the meantime, I would strongly advise you to confine that mountebank costume to your staircase before the Vice-President comes to his rooms.'

'You see,' remarked Atheling afterwards, to a friend, 'there was sound sense in the advice, though couched in unbecoming language. Atrocious costume, indeed! It was lovely! It was unique! But then the poor fellow hadn't the least eye for colour, and that's his misfortune, you know, not his fault.'

Well, experience mingled some slight elements of gravity with his merriment, as the flying Terms sped by, and the silver hair of the senior man began to streak the first gold and brown of the freshman's head. Still his ideas were remarkable always for their originality of conception, and boldness of execution.

Let me recur to one of them. He announced to me, one winter evening, the idea, matured as soon as entertained, that had entered his head; viz., of giving a grand amateur concert in his rooms—a concert to which ladies, and the Vice-Principal himself, with his wife and daughters, were to be invited. I laughed at the notion; however, he was in earnest about it, and manfully carried it through. I prophesied that the Vice would resent the being asked to such an affair. But assurance prevailed, where diffidence would have held back, and my friend informed me triumphantly that the 'Vice' and his family were coming; also that he had received a letter from the belle of Oxford, accepting his invitation.

Well, all was excitement and preparation for a long time beforehand. Glees, madrigals, solos, quartetts, overtures, were the order of the next three weeks. Great preparations were made in the rooms, and on the night the big college-gates

were thrown open, and the host, all a fever of excitement, was watching the carriages, one after one, rolling in. The concert itself went off, I suppose, much as other such concerts do; the performers (mostly novices at this kind of thing) trying vainly to look and sing at their ease. The men, those, at least, of the so-called 'fast' set, seeming to be altogether out of their element, and sadly terrified at the ladies. Indeed I was amused at the transformation that had come over the usual state of things there. Here were the rascally, rich fellows, considered, by themselves, as the *élite* of the community, awkward, shy, and bashful in the presence of ladies: noisy enough in their own set, they appeared tongue-tied and exceedingly ill at ease on this occasion. But the quiet men, some of them with the need for very careful living, yet *gentlemen*, came out into prominence, and enjoyed the genial change of ladies' society in Oxford—a rare occurrence there—while those were herding together in a helpless, dumb condition, sickly-looking, white-tied, black-coated, and miserable.

All, however, passed off well, and compliment after compliment was showered upon the (for a wonder) bashful host, and presently the last carriage rolled away. Then, as by a spell, the incubus was taken off my 'fast' men, and from speechless they became uproarious. I could not help being secretly tickled to see the evident relief that they felt at being left once more heroes of their own society.

Many of them, unlike our host, had no pretensions to the birth or breeding of gentlemen. Rich and vulgar, they commanded a certain standing in their own set; but they formed principally a set among themselves, and removed from that gathering they were fish out of water.

What University man does not know the set of which I am thinking? men whose wit is coarseness and vulgarity, whose repartees are rudeness, whose great forte is to sing an evil song, to 'chaff a cad' (who, by the way, often gets the better of the match), to spend money lavishly for admiration, often, how-

ever (as Aristotle notices of such spendthrifts), marring their profuseness by some interspace of meanness and out-of-place frugality—men who neither really enjoy nor use Oxford life, who neither are educated by its studies nor by its society.

For oh, what an education there is, not only in the studies but in the society of a University, if rightly sought and employed! I have known men, reading men, shut themselves up in their rooms, refuse every, even the most innocent, invitations to any genial festivities, decline to subscribe to pleasures, however harmless and healthful—boating, cricket, with which they will have nothing to do; and all this with the best intention—with the intention of economy—with the intention of making the most of the Oxford life. As if the poor sovereign or two given towards such healthful and innocent amusements would not have been well spent in procuring the influence for good over lighter-hearted youths, who would have said, 'Well, if so and so won't join us he isn't at least one of the shabby lot, one of the fellows who think all that is pleasant is wrong. We can respect his self-denial, his economy, although we can't or needn't share in it.'

Then, though the study-element is certainly a considerable part of the Oxford education, it is by no means the only part; I had almost said, by no means the principal part. The genial life of free society, yet with its own proper and even strict etiquette; the mixing on equal terms with men of many circumstances and many minds; the interchange of free opinions, and the being among equals in age and standing; the responsible

relation then entered upon of host and guest—all these things do, undoubtedly, train a man to fill easily and gracefully his position in the society of after-life. His over-weeningness is rubbed down, his over-bashfulness rubbed off. He gets a certain self-possession without self-conceit, which hardly can be attained so well by any other way than by a university career well and honourably and wisely spent. He is educated, I repeat, as much by the society as by the study of the University. Thus much for the benefit of Oxford acquaintances even, we would not speak, in this utilitarian manner, of college friends.

For these are to be more warmly, more earnestly spoken of. What friends, not of our very kindred, are comparable to them? Dear old band, scattered now hither and thither, over the wide world; what a bond of union still joins every one of us; and how we should meet, with a gladness, a kindness not elsewhere attainable, if at any time we might be gathered, as in those old days, in sweet society again! The string is cut, and the beads have run this way and that. Yet how naturally will all group together again, how readily run into one circle, if at any time they might be strung once more, all as they were (except for years of changes, but not changes to their love), upon the old dark-blue string!

Hence half the delight of the matches at Lord's and on the river, between the rival Universities. We meet them again, one by one; and the face brightens, and the eyes sparkle, and hand almost grows to hand, as we come suddenly, amid the crowd of strangers, upon some dear old College Friend.

A ROMANCE OF SOUTH KENSINGTON.

'CHARLIE,' said Frank Egerton, 'I think I should like to get married.'

'Don't be foolish,' said Mr. Davenport. 'Remember "Punch's" advice to people about to marry, *Don't.*'

'There's not much else to be done,' said Egerton. 'Ever since this big bit of money fell in, I don't feel the least bit of interest in the profession. I don't object to anything new and scientific, but surgery and physic considered in the

light of professional matters are simply an abomination.'

'But what on earth has put that notion into your head, Frank? You're much too good a fellow to be extinguished under a cloud of muslin, like most fools. What's ailing the lad?'

'I don't know,' said Frank, dreamily. 'I suppose it is as Locksley Hall says, "In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns the thoughts of love." Yesterday was the first day of spring, the sky was as blue as in June.'

'That fellow, Locksley Hall, is only an idiot,' said the matter-of-fact Mr. Davenport.

'You're only an idiot yourself, Davenport,' said Frank. 'Locksley Hall isn't a man but a poem.'

'Worse and worse,' said Davenport, 'if you're going to spoil yourself for all the purposes of good society and go mooning about after a petticoat.'

Davenport and Egerton had been fellow-students at Guy's, Davenport being by some years the senior man. Davenport was hard-headed, acute, industrious, did himself great credit, and was now laying the foundations of an extensive practice. I am afraid Egerton was rather an example of the Idle Apprentice. Languid, elegant, handsome, he had not much appreciation of hard work. He dabbled a little in medicine, but only as he dabbled in music, painting, and private theatricals. But he was a kindhearted man, highly intelligent, and of wide, generous culture, but like the gorgeous lilies, he did not care to toil or spin. And his lucky stars seemed to be very much of the same opinion, for a rather distant relative, in quite a promiscuous way, left him a fortune of twenty thousand pounds. He had now very handsome rooms in South Kensington, where he had as fine a collection of water-colour paintings and the more expensive kinds of photographs as could be desired, and some fine gems. Mr. Davenport was leaning back in one of the cosy arm-chairs, having dropped in for a cigar and a chat on his way home from seeing some patients.

'Any young woman in particular, Frank?' asked Davenport.

'Why, there is, and there isn't,' said Frank. 'It's very odd, but I really, after a sort of way, fell in love with a girl at first sight. It was at the Opera that it came off: lots of this kind of thing come off at the Opera. It was at the set of representations which Mapleson gave last autumn. I had been to see my favourite opera "*Il Flauto Magico*," some of the finest music that Mozart ever composed. I stared about, like the rest of the people, between the acts, and on my right, in the box immediately above me, was one of the loveliest girls that I had ever seen. It so happened that I presently came quite close to her in the crush-room. Her party came to sit at a little table close to the sofa when I was doing Maraschino and soda. I assure you that to watch that girl move across the room was poetry in itself. Such deep eyes, such finely-cut lips you never saw, and as for hair the most beautiful.'

'We'll take the hair and eyes for granted,' said Mr. Davenport. 'Did you find out anything about her?'

'Not a bit,' he said; 'but by the luckiest chance in the world she dropped her handkerchief. It ought to have been a bit of the opera itself instead of a mere affair of the crush-room. She noticed the loss almost as soon as I did, but nothing can rob me of the consolation that I certainly handed it to her, and received one of the most gracious smiles that I ever beheld in my life. It did for me completely. I went down, bayoneted by a glance. When I saw them leave their box, I made my way into the lobby, where I presently saw them waiting for a carriage. Some name was called, and to my misery, I could not distinguish what the name was. But I ran out into the portico after it, nearly run over by the next carriage and almost taken up by the nearest policeman. It was hard work to keep the carriage in sight, until I could hail a hansom and tell the driver to follow that particular carriage. Did you over

follow a girl in that way, Davenport?"

'Can't say I ever made such an ass of myself, hitherto, old fellow,' said Mr. Davenport; 'but we none of us know what we may come to.'

'Then let me tell you, it's a very queer thing to be following a person in that fashion. As Victor Hugo, who seems to know a deal about the subject, says, "You are altogether for a time surrendering to a stranger your liberty and your individuality." To my great satisfaction the hansom proceeded in the South Kensington direction. It would not have been pleasant to have been landed on the other side of Regent's Park. It passed my very door. Then suddenly we came upon a whole lot of carriages coming or going from a curious old countess's, who always gives parties in the dead season of the year. We must have lost the clue, for my hansom stopped when the brougham stopped, and I was brought face to face with a motley-faced old gentleman with a knobby nose, who evidently regarded me as a member of the swell mob.'

'And you have never seen her again?'

'Never; but I quite fell in love with the little party; at first sight; and if she felt inclined to marry me, that's very much the sort of thing that I should feel inclined to do with her. I am essentially an animal constructed for the purposes of domesticity, a Newfoundland dog man, and that sort of thing. Club life is an organized sort of selfishness; that is all. One is even tired of travel. One knows what there is to expect, and it's not so much after all. So, by an exhaustive process of reasoning, we fall back on the blessed and comfortable estate.'

'It all depends whether it really is blessed and comfortable, old fellow, because it's quite possible that it may turn out quite the other way. They say that marriage is a lottery, but, by Jove, most people make it up as John Leech's idiot made up his Derby book—can't possibly win and may lose ever so much.'

'What do you think of my little affair?'

'Very badly. It's romantic. Most romantic affairs turn out badly. I've a very low opinion of them.'

'I thought, old fellow, that you would have taken a more friendly and generous view of things.'

'I don't take an unfriendly view, Egerton. I don't even say with Mr. Tennyson's new style of "Northern Farmer," "Proputty—proputty—proputty." But I speak as a man who has watched life, and who has watched it under a scientific point of view.'

'What do you mean by that last observation?'

'Why, I mean that there are a lot of points which a scientific, or even a sensible man will consider before he commits himself, and which a man in love never thinks of doing. In the first place there is the *physique*. Look well at her teeth—a most important matter; good teeth are becoming quite scarce in the market. You rave about eyes and hair; teeth are just as important. Then is the girl really educated? Beneath a smattering of accomplishments it is very hard to find out whether there is any real training or real knowledge. Then as for disposition, you may have as soft a spoken lass as you like, and in a few months she may prove a thorough vixen, and develop a capacity for abusive language for which the vernacular English is only a feeble instrument. Even if she don't use bad language, she may still use her words as I use my lancets. Then, perhaps, she has got some radical inherent vice—drinks, lies, pads, paints. There is nothing you can't believe of the "girl of the period." Then she may inherit a bad constitution from some rascally ancestor; and if you have a flaw in your own what's to become of the children?—Scrofula, consumption, madness.'

'You infernal old beast to talk that way!'

'That's just it. You have no pure spirit of science about you, a mere empiric. In these days of deterioration we should all go to the bad if it were not for the happy tendency of nature always to revert to the original pure type. But I've finished

my bit of smoko, and must stroll. I have half a mind to go into the South Kensington Museum; it is not often that I find myself so close to it.'

'Seems to me rather a slow sort of thing to do.'

'Yes; but nothing pays so well at a small evening party. South Kensington generally crops up at a small tea-fight.'

So the men got up—and it was just close by—and then went into the South Kensington Museum, which seemed, at least that evening, to be in a languid sort of way, and not to be doing much public business. The British working man, after a hard day's work, prefers his pipe and a pot of beer to most æsthetic enjoyments that can be offered to him. Still there were a few strolling about, with an expression of intense stolidity, apparently without the slightest idea of the nature or significance of the objects before them. The place was, in fact, almost deserted; the feeding-places shut up, the galleries still. The two men strolled about. Egerton liked doing nothing, and he did it to perfection. Davenport's quick eye took in many things which, by their nature and their scientific relations, doubtless gave him a keen intellectual pleasure. Some cases of coins and gems had recently been deposited here by one of those enlightened public benefactors who from time to time yield up the contents of their galleries and cabinets for the benefit of the British public. Just then a young lady, attended by her maid, passed on to the cabinet of gems; and now it was possible to see the difference between an intelligent and an unintelligent examination of pretty things. This young lady, who had gems of her own about her, evidently knew a good deal about gems. With an eager curiosity she examined specimens; in a dainty little memorandum, in true artist fashion, she made a slight sketch or two.

As she was thus occupied, the two young men commenced a conversation which could hardly fail to be audible to a bystander; and Davenport noticed a curious intellectual phenomenon in his friend.

Though talking to him, he was evidently talking *at* the young lady. Her face could not be seen; but the lithe, graceful outlines of the form could be seen, full of curves and softness, instinct and informed with spirit, to which sound teeth must have infallibly belonged, and a sound constitution, such as would have satisfied Mr. Davenport's physiological opinions. Egerton began talking with an evident intention to arrest and interest the attention of the young lady. Davenport had never before noticed such a circumstance in his friend; but he had noticed it in various instances, and in Egerton's case it almost seemed to him that it was a sort of yearning for sympathy, a desire to be brought into some sort of converse with this clever, graceful girl, though the converse should be all on one side.

'A queer thing happened to a friend of mine,' said Egerton, 'who went to a great gallery to inspect a precious gem. The gem was exceedingly valuable, and was kept under a glass case, and only shown by special permission, under the care of an official. The man went to see it, and examined it with the greatest care and admiration. After some little space the officer said that if he had finished his examination they would now go. The man said, "Certainly. He had finished a minute or two ago, and was now ready to leave." "Then where was the ring?" "Oh, he laid it down on its case." But no ring was there. A search was made, but in vain; the ring had vanished. Then the officer said that he must search the visitor. The visitor objected. The officer said his duty was imperative. The visitor swore that he would rather be slain on the spot than submit to such an insult. As the officer persisted, the visitor threw himself into a fighting attitude, and the officer called for assistance. Several men came up; but in the middle of the hubbub some sharper-witted public servant discovered that the gem had fallen down between the velvet and the frame of the case. Mutual congratulations and excuses followed. Then the visitor stepped forward

and said, "I will now tell you the reason why I would not submit to be searched. I have a gem about me which is the perfect facsimile of this one. I had not thought that there was one in the world like it, and I came on purpose to see. Now, if you had found this gem upon me, your own unfound, you would have taken it to be the gem that was lost, and I should have been condemned. I could not submit to that while I was alive."

"What an extraordinary story, Egerton," said Davenport. "Where did you pick it up? and who was the man?"

"It happened to myself, last summer, at Munich," replied Egerton, quietly. "The gem was an antique, which had been recovered at Pompeii, at least as old as the Christian era. Here it is in this ring."

Just at this moment the young lady, whose head aslant had showed that she was listening to the story which Egerton had designed her to hear, turned round, and Egerton was hardly surprised—his heart had been a prophet to his heart—that it was the lovely girl of the Opera.

"By Jove! Davenport, the girl I saw on 'Il Flauto Magico' night."

"Have you lured her with a Zauberschlöthe of your own?" said Davenport, a little savagely.

The young lady gave a half-conscious look of recognition and surprise, which the doctor's keen eye did not fail to recognize; and then, with provoking *nonchalance*, passed away to a distant case, where the friends could hardly venture to follow her.

They went into the entrance, however, and sat down in the porch instead of going out into the Brompton Road. The big trees in front gloomed heavily in the starlight. A solitary carriage was standing in waiting. Egerton was excited and feverish. He wrapt his cloak round him, and continued moodily silent. He already felt quite certain that this was the carriage which he had followed from Covent Garden. Presently the carriage-door was flung open, and the same young lady tripped to the

steps. And the carriage went off at a sharp trot.

"Will you try your luck again?" whispered Davenport; "shall I hail a hansom?"

Egerton wildly gesticulated. But his friend's strong grasp was upon his arm, and it was obviously impossible that he should be able to gain the carriage so as to identify it.

"There goes my chance again," he growled, "for the second time, and I have lost it."

"The third time's lucky," said Davenport, phlegmatically.

The third time really came. That things which are to be will be, is the approved and fundamental axiom of fatalism. There is a good deal of romance left in this used-up old world, if you are romantic enough to understand. At least so it came to pass at South Kensington.

Egerton was 'seedy.' He had no confidence in his own medical skill. If he ever had any, which is very doubtful, it had vanished as soon as the aunt's big pot of money had fallen in. So he asked Davenport, the friend, who with all his hardness was 'as his own soul' to him, to prescribe. Davenport came, and discharged the duty, which is frequently the first and most necessary part of a doctor's duty—he bullied and aroused the patient, shook him out of his languor and indifference, confiscated his regalias, and turned him out into the fresh air. Davenport, though a rising man, was not so busy that he could not afford half an hour to an old friend whose health, moral and physical, wanted toning and bracing. So they paid their shillings and went into the Horticultural Gardens.

It was not a public day, you understand. Nothing in the way of grand music or stately promenade. They might suddenly have passed into the loneliness of a tropical forest instead of being hemmed in on every side with a wilderness of brick and mortar. From that very pretty entrance passage with its summer bloom they passed on to the smooth turf with the enamelled flower-beds. The space is after all

not much, and is soon exhausted; but it so happened that, except a few children with nurses or governesses, there was no one there. Then they walked in the noble conservatory, and ascending the broad flight of steps, examined, so far as they could, the progress of the Albert Memorial building. As they paused on the highest terrace to catch the purer softer breeze, and leaned on the balcony to watch the lovely scene below, with a sigh of regret that they and other Londoners should have the unwisdom of so seldom coming here except in the crowd which takes away half the beauty of the scene, Egerton looked around, with a certain lassitude and indifference which was not altogether pleasing to the skilled eye of his friend, always on a scientific look out for the possibilities of evil.

Presently, Davenport said, with a curious expression, 'Unless I am greatly mistaken, Egerton, here comes a friend of yours.'

The languor and indifference were all gone. With the utmost excitement he exclaimed, 'You don't mean *her*!'

'I don't know whom you mean by *her*. As she must have some name or other I shall call her Lady Adelgiza South Kensington, until I know her real name. I mean, however, the lady we saw at the Museum and whom you say you saw at the Opera.'

'You can't see her face.'

'No, but I recognize her gait. Very few young ladies can mount steps so gracefully as she is doing.'

Egerton was visibly agitated.

'Do you really care for this girl, Frank?'

'Don't ask me. I am quite in love with her.'

Now this was truly astonishing to Davenport. It was something altogether foreign to his scientific habits of mind. No amount of medical lore would give him an explanation. 'It's an ultimate fact,' he murmured to himself, 'and we must puzzle away at it.'

'Something must be done, and be done quickly,' said Egerton, 'or else the tide in the affairs of men will have ebbed altogether. Help

me, Davenport,' he added, almost piteously.

'I will, old fellow,' said the medical. 'Have you got that ring with the antique gem?'

'Here it is.'

'Do you mind the risk of losing it for the chance of finding out all about the girl?'

'I would risk it a hundred times over.'

'Then leave it on the balustrade and come this way.'

The ring was placed on the balustrade, and Egerton hastily followed his friend down into the grounds.

'Now stop a bit, Egerton,' said Mr. Davenport. 'I don't think we can be observed here; but I will see what I can make out with the help of my field glass.'

Oh, those field-glasses and telescopes! They have well-nigh abolished obscurity from the British Isles. All the coast line is swept by the coastguard's telescope. All hills are watched by gamekeepers' glasses. Lonely lovers, wandering in unfrequented solitudes, you little imagine what powerful optical instruments may be brought to bear upon you!

'Yes,' murmured Davenport, 'she is on the terrace—she is walking along; now I call that a really gracious walk—the sunlight on the gem will probably strike that acute eye of hers—she is moving towards the balustrade—she is going to take up the ring; yes, no, yes, no, yes—now she is examining it. Putting it on her finger, I declare—that is coming it rather strong. All over with your ring, old fellow. Your pretty girl has turned petty larcener, has put it into her pocket and walked off. She ought to be searched, as they wanted to search you at Munich.'

'I suppose we had better wait till they come down and then ask whether they have found a ring.'

'Not a bad card, but still there is a better card to play. It is a case of winning or losing. I must disappoint you, old fellow. We had better not meet them, but dodge about until they are gone.'

As soon as they were gone they made inquiries at the lodges, and

found that no lost article had been left there that morning.

'Now, old fellow, I have only one word to say to you,' said Mr. Davenport; 'for the next few days or weeks keep a sharp look-out on the second column of the "Times."'

In five days' time his eye alighted on an advertisement in the second column: 'Found in the Horticultural Gardens, an antique ring with gem. The owner can recover it, on identifying it, at 100, Cromwell Buildings.' The reader learned in localities will perceive that I have given a non-existent number.

He found out that Lady Harbinger lived here. He called one morning at two and sent up his card. As he entered the drawing-room, a lovely girl, music in hand, was about to escape through the door.

Her 'sapphire eyes met his, and she coloured up deliciously. 'Ah,' she said, 'you have come about your ring. I could not help hearing you talk about it at the Museum;—it was a wonder if she could have helped;—what an extraordinary thing that I should have been the person who discovered your loss!'

'Not so extraordinary, perhaps, if you only knew all,' thought Mr. Egerton. 'A most extraordinary coincidence; and there is another one still more extraordinary, if you recollect; I had the honour of picking up your handkerchief in the crush-room of the Opera.'

'I fancied something of the sort, but I was not sure,' said Lucy Harbinger.

'You are fond of gems, I suppose?' said Egerton.

'Yes; and I have reason to be. My uncle left me a little cabinet, beautifully laid out and catalogued; so I really take quite a professional interest in them.'

Just then Lady Harbinger entered—the widow of a country baronet—an open-hearted, kind dowager. She duly put Mr. Egerton through the necessary catechizing, and restored him his Pompeii ring.

Then there was some conversation, and it was presently discovered that Lady Harbinger's mother had known Mr. Egerton's aunt intimately. But so it commonly is in life. The surface of society is much smaller than is generally supposed. Put any two people together, and they are sure enough to discover common acquaintance.

'And now, Mr. Egerton, you shall see my cabinet; and I have quite a collection of books on the subject—Mr. King's and all the rest.'

It was a pretty collection, and its money value was considerable; but I suppose Lucy did not look upon it in this point of view.

'You must have taken a great deal of trouble, and spent money on that advertisement, Lady Harbinger,' said Mr. Egerton. 'Will you kindly let me know what I am indebted to you, besides your boundless kindness?'

'Oh, you must not talk about that,' said Lucy. 'The pleasure of becoming acquainted with such a ring was quite worth the trouble.'

'Then, Miss Harbinger, you must positively do me the honour of putting this ring in your cabinet. In my hands it is quite lost; but it will have an added value in any collection.'

And he more than ever resolved in his own mind that he would also offer another ring of a much plainer description.

With some difficulty, and after some visits, Lucy was brought to accept that particular ring. I think it not impossible but she will accept the other ring also. Mr. Davenport must take a favourable view of all the conditions, as he proffers to be best man. But this is only a fragmentary story. I have nothing to do with the usual humdrum of courtship, settlements, and the ceremony, but only with a set of certain odd circumstances which made up a sort of romance in South Kensington.

THE PICCADILLY PAPERS.

By A PERIPATETIC.

CONTEMPORARY BIOGRAPHY.

SEVERAL works have recently appeared of 'contemporary biography,' by which we mean biography or autobiography of men who have occupied some space in the public eye, and who have only recently been removed from us, or perhaps are still among us. Such works of biography, however much they may lack force, shape, or literary merit, nevertheless form a portion of the materials from which the secular and ecclesiastical history of our wonderful era must be built up. Yet we must say with regret that the literary workmanship of some of those recent biographies is deplorably bad, so much so that we feel inclined to fling aside the works in disgust as unworthy of perusal. It would, however, be a mistake to do this. Even in the most unpromising books we may find stray paragraphs very well worthy of being rescued from oblivion, and giving interesting glances into English and foreign interiors.

We cannot, however, give even this limited recommendation to some of the biographies that we see. Here, for instance, is a thick book giving the biography of the late Henry Hoare.* We have carefully looked it through with the intention, as our manner is, to take some of the cream off the book. But you cannot get cream from skim-milk and water. We have found it quite impossible to cull a single paragraph or even a single sentence from the life of Mr. Hoare that is worth quotation. This is a great pity, for Henry Hoare had a strongly-marked idiosyncrasy of his own; and any man of descriptive talent who knew him well and could appreciate his character, could have given us a portraiture of one who had much

picturesqueness as well as solid worth. Mr. Hoare was a man of considerable mental power and of great activity; a most earnest and devout churchman, who loved the Established Church with passionate attachment, and spent himself and his substance on her behalf. It so happened that the present writer spent a day in Mr. Hoare's company just before the lamentable and extraordinary accident which caused his death. He was looking out of the window of a railway carriage, and his head came in contact with a telegraph-post, causing fracture of the skull. The occasion referred to was a public festivity, and Mr. Hoare and the writer were the only fellow-guests at a friend's house. There was something extremely simple, kindly, and old-fashioned about him. A great deal had been done to spoil him by making him the oracle of a set, but he was unspoiled for all that. He made a great many speeches that day, one of which was very much to the purpose, for he gave the good cause a hundred pounds, and would give more if more were wanted. But Mr. Hoare always had a most absolute delight in giving. After a substantial lunch he asked for his room and solemnly retired thither. He came back for the early cup of tea, and told us he had taken a siesta, as was his invariable habit. We only mention this as Mr. Sweet tells us that it was his habit to rise in the middle of the night and spend one or more hours in writing. We can understand this superhuman habit with the help of the siesta; but without it Mr. Hoare would be burning the candle at both ends, and he did not at all seem the sort of man to do that sort of thing. I remember one curious bit of conversation. He had always been a model churchwarden, and at one of the church congresses he had said

* 'A Memoir of Henry Hoare, Esq., M.A. With a Narrative of the Church Movements,' &c. By James Bradley Sweet, M.A. Rivingtons.

that if people did not pay church rates they ought to be 'quodded,' and he would 'quod' them. I ventured to tell him that this was rather hard language, and that people thought it harsh. In reply he utterly disclaimed any intention of meaning prison by 'quod,' which at least showed a laudable ignorance of the force of slang expressions. It is well known that he had promised to give a thousand a year towards that magnificent tower of that now magnificent chapel of St. John's College, Cambridge, the foundation stone of which he laid. He expressly stipulated that this annual payment was only to be while he was living, and by his death this resource failed the college after two years' payments. Peace to his honoured memory! He was good, worthy, useful; but the idea of manufacturing a big book about him appears to us to be exceedingly incongruous.

In some respects better, but in other respects immeasurably worse, is Mr. James Grant's life of Sir George Sinclair.* This is a provoking book. Sir George Sinclair was undoubtedly a remarkable man, and the book contains much that is very readable and interesting, but it is frightfully marred by ignorance, stupidity, and fulsomeness. More craven adulation of titled people we have nowhere seen. Mr. Grant quotes a duke rather than a baron, and a baron rather than a baronet, and twaddle by a titled person rather than common sense by a commoner. There was a clergyman of high social mark whom many of our readers may recollect, Mr. Hamilton Gray, of Bolsover Castle, with whom Sir George Sinclair corresponded in closest friendship and intimacy for very many years. We know enough of the late Mr. Hamilton Gray to be able to say that this correspondence must have been eminently interesting and instructive; but we are not favoured with a single line, while the merest, most trivial notes of men of title are admitted. It would be easy to

point out some ludicrous errors which he has made; but it is really not worth while to waste powder and shot on such a poor writer as Mr. James Grant, amiable and well-meaning as he may be, always barring his idolatry of Debreit.

Yet this stupid book contains some extremely interesting and important matter, which may be lost for readers who throw it aside in disgust. Sir George Sinclair himself, though he runs a danger of being made ridiculous by undiscerning, extravagant panegyric, had all the elements of a good man and some of the elements of a great man. There are a few letters and anecdotes in the work which amply repay the trouble of perusal. Lord Byron spoke of Sinclair as being the prodigy of Harrow. There is here an interesting anecdote of Byron, how he once said to Sir Robert Abercrombie, 'How is your mother?' I very well remember the beating she made my mother give me; but tell her from me it would have been well for me if they had been many more.' In his early travels the famous incident befel him of being captured a few days before the battle of Jena was fought, and being brought into the presence of Napoleon. The Emperor treated him, as soon as he had laid aside his suspicions, with great good-nature, asking him what classical authors he was reading. Sinclair actually pointed out on the map the memorable spot of Jena to Napoleon. This remarkable occurrence naturally formed one of Sir George's stock stories, and he had to tell it so often that at last he refused to tell it any more. Sir George represented his county, and made an effective public speaker, as patriotic as Joseph Hume himself, with whom he lived on terms of fullest intimacy. There is in this volume an interesting account of the strange malady which befel Lord Glenelg. Though a cabinet minister, and a great favourite in society, he suddenly secluded himself from the public for ten years, passing most of his time in his chair gazing upon the opposite wall. At the end of that time he once more resumed his old position, full of life

* 'Memoirs of Sir George Sinclair, Bart., of Ulbster.' By James Grant. Tinsley.

and energy as in his palmiest days.* Some of the letters preserved in the volume have considerable importance. For instance, we have several from Croker, the Mr. Rigby of Disraeli's 'Coningsby,' which are eminently autobiographic. They give a much more favourable view of him than we derive from Macaulay and Disraeli. 'I have a couple of thousands a year. I am, therefore, a rich man. I spend all that income, little on myself, no more than is necessary in eating and drinking, some in charity, and all the rest in giving work and employment to the various classes of persons who come in contact with me. My wife goes every day of her life, for two or three hours, into the village. She visits the sick daily, the afflicted frequently, the needy as much as she can. I help her by encouraging and enabling her, according to my means, to do all this. But what can we do more?' Before leaving the book we will take some extracts from it, chiefly from letters of celebrated persons, which have a place in contemporary history.

Sir Charles Wetherell.—'He was unique, in relation to his dress and his deportment. No Jew old-clothesman would at any time have given half a crown for his whole wardrobe. He was never known to have a new suit of clothes, he never wore braces, his aversion to them was intense. The natural consequence of his persistent hostility to braces was that he had constantly to give a shrug to his whole body in order to raise his nether garments to their proper position on his person. It was often very awkward when witnessed in the House of Commons and repeatedly called forth bursts of laughter.'

The Queen and Bishop Waldegrave.—'I remember that, some years ago, on being shown by the Hon. S. Waldegrave a magnificently-bound volume which the Queen had given him for a present, I was rather puzzled to know how the inscrip-

tion by her Majesty could accord with the fact which it expressed. The inscription, written in the Queen's own hand, was—"To the Hon. Samuel Waldegrave, Lord Bishop of Carlisle, from his affectionate cousin, Victoria." On asking the late most excellent bishop how the relationship was made out, he said that in the reign of Queen Anne an ancestor of his married a German princess, who was an ancestor of Queen Victoria, and that in virtue of that marriage her Majesty always spoke of him as her cousin.'

A Letter from Lord Derby.—'I delayed thanking you, in Lady Derby's name, for the geese and mountain dew till I could tell you that they have been subjected to the criticism of the Duke of Cambridge and a party who have been sporting here; and I am happy to be able to announce that the verdict was triumphantly in their favour. The "dew," especially, was thought so highly of, that I should take it as a favour if you can and will purchase for me a case of the same quality, say about two dozen bottles, and I will pay you like an honest man. Your friend Mr. Gruneisen is an excellent man, but he writes an execrable hand. . . . Thanks for what you are doing for the Lancashire distress.'

Lord Derby on the Cession of Savoy.—'The last forty-eight hours have completely stripped off the masks from both emperor and king, and have shown themselves and their motives in the clearest, if not in the cleanest point of view. . . . I am of opinion that all confidence in the sincerity of the emperor is for ever destroyed; and that we must look henceforth to the necessity of being thoroughly prepared for a rupture with him whenever the necessities of his position make it his policy to come to an open quarrel.'

Lord Derby to Sir George as a Widower.—'I have always thought that to the survivor of those who have enjoyed a long life of married happiness, the best consolation, next to the conviction of the assured happiness of the departed, must be the knowledge that in the course of nature the separation cannot be for

* We ought to say that Lord Glenelg's friends vehemently impugn this alleged fact. We retain it in our text, inasmuch as a very similar case, and even more remarkable, has come within our experience.

a very lengthened period. Whatever other or better comfort you are capable of receiving under such a bereavement, may He give you, who only can.'

Letter from Mr. Disraeli.—'I do not pretend to be a correspondent, as I have often told you. I am overworked, otherwise I should be very glad to communicate with you, of all men, in the spirit, and bathe the memory sometimes in those delicious passages of ancient songs, which your unrivalled scholarship so beautifully commands. My dear friend John Manners writes to me every week, now he is shut out from Parliament, and expects no return; but he gives me his impressions and counsels, often the clearer for his absence from our turbulent and excited scene. . . . On Tuesday will commence one of the most important debates that ever took place in the House of Commons. I shall reserve myself, I apprehend, to the end. It will last several nights. There is a passage about usury, which haunts my memory, and which I fancied was in Juvenal, but I could not light on it as I throw my eye over the pages yesterday. Notwithstanding our utilitarian senate, I wish, if possible, that the noble Roman spirit should sometimes be felt in the House of Commons, expressed in its own magnificent tongue. I have of late years ventured sometimes on this, and not without success.'

From Mr. Carlyle on Lady Sinclair's death, &c.—"It is the way of all the earth;" yea, and has been since man was first made. And yet there is a strange originality in it to every one of us when it comes upon him in its course. I grieve to think how sad you are. Words are very idle; so are wishes: I will say no more on the subject. Time, by degrees, smooths away the first asperities; then Death has a kind of bland aspect, most sad but also most sacred: the one home appointed to us all.

'I am still kept overwhelmingly busy here; my strength slowly diminishing, my work progressing still more slowly—my heart really almost broken. In some six or eight

months—surely not longer than eight—I hope to have at last done: it will be the gladdest day I have seen for ten years back, pretty much the one glad day! I have still half a volume to do; still a furious struggle, and *tour de force*, as there have been many, to wind matters up in half a volume. But this is the last, if I can but do it; and if health holds out in any fair measure, I always hope I can.

'Your pamphlet on Napoleon has never come. I am happy to agree entirely in what you say about that renowned Corsican gentleman, and about his sham synonym of these present times, which I still more heartily dissent from, and even take the liberty of despising. Probably nothing can be written upon them that will do much good. There is such an outpouring of disloyal platitudes and vocal jackassery, of every figure, in these times, as quite disgusts one with the pen and almost with the tongue itself. Farewell, dear sir; may your pious heart soon compose itself, and be able to say—what Wisdom has in all dialects prescribed since Wisdom first was—"Good is the will of the Lord."

Continuing our unamiable vein of disparagement, we cannot say that Lady Eastlake's Memoir* of Sir Charles at all satisfies our notions of a biography or even of a fairly good memoir. The larger part of the second volume of Sir Charles's writings on the Fine Arts is occupied by this Memoir. Sir Charles Eastlake probably deserves much of the same praise which was passed on Sir Joshua—that his books made speaking pictures and his pictures a dumb book. On the present occasion, however, we are looking out for biographical facts—anecdote-mongering, in fact. There is something intensely classical and correct about him; but there appears to have been some lack of imagination, of romance, of earnestness. When Haydon instructed him in painting, and doubtless gave an in-

* 'Contributions to the Literature of the Fine Arts. By Sir C. L. Eastlake, F.R.S., D.C.L., &c. With a Memoir, compiled by Lady Eastlake.' London: Murray.

tense intellectual stimulus to his mind, a coldness ensued because poor Haydon, *more suo*, did not refund moneys borrowed; and when he was introduced to the great anatomist, Sir Charles Bell, his criticism was that he was the most gentlemanly man he had ever seen. His parents showed great good sense in withdrawing their son from the Charter-house, and when they clearly saw the bias of his mind in permitting him to follow it. Eastlake was also, fortunately, able to go abroad and obtain that art-education which English skies and English schools could not give him. In Greece he met the 'Maid of Athens' and her sisters. 'They are not remarkably beautiful but interesting and lady-like.' In society Sir Charles became a great man and visited various great houses. He kept a diary, but it is of too private a nature to admit of publication. We are permitted, however, to obtain glimpses. Here is positively a new anecdote of Sydney Smith:—'The other day he had some business at the Mansion House, and while talking, without knowing who the people all were, some person handed a paper to him on which was written—"The gentleman you are speaking to is the Lord Mayor Elect." He said he instantly thought of the Roman ambassador to Carthage who was suddenly shown an elephant, and, to the disappointment of all, betrayed no emotion.' He confirms the general opinion about Macaulay. 'Macaulay, though always worth listening to, is such an indefatigable talker that few of the rest could say much. He is never long on one subject, but goes off on the slightest hint or association, especially if suggested by another. The effect is curious.' We certainly think that it was an intellectual flaw in Macaulay that he was so entirely at the mercy of the association of ideas. It was difficult to strike any deep stratum in his mind when he was always flying off at one tangent or another. Here is something about the Queen and the Prince:—

The Queen.—'The perfection with which my imagination soon endowed her Majesty was a most agreeable

voice, and a pronunciation of English fit to be an example for all her subjects. If you were to hear it without seeing the speaker, you would associate with it a musical ear and a consummate education, but combining with the impression of feminine taste that of the consciousness of power.'

The Prince Consort.—'The Prince had desired Mr. Eastlake to wait on him at Buckingham Palace. It was the first time Mr. Eastlake had seen his royal highness, and as a painter, he may be excused for a painter's remark—namely, that "the Prince stood in a strong light which showed his beautiful face to great advantage." On this occasion the Prince discussed the object and plan of the Commission; Mr. Eastlake occasionally making objections when he thought them necessary. "Two or three times I quite forgot who he was—he talked so naturally and argued so fairly." The Prince did not sanction the employment of German workmen even for subordinate labours, and expressed his conviction that in all that belonged to practical dexterity, the Englishman took the lead of the foreigner. . . . The Prince immediately presented Mr. Eastlake to the Queen, but acted himself as cicerone, taking her Majesty from one side to the other with eager interest.'

Sir Charles was very intimate with Sir Robert Peel, and gives a highly-favourable view of that much-abused statesman. There was something in his mind highly akin to Sir Robert's. After he had published his edition of 'Kugler's Handbook,' by which he will always be generally known, he found that the statesman had fully mastered its contents.

We are thankful that Earl Russell has prefixed to his 'Speeches and Despatches' an autobiographical introduction.* Their tendency will be to considerably elevate Lord Russell in public estimation; and perhaps Lord Russell required a little elevating. It is

* 'Selections from Speeches of Earl Russell, 1817 to 1841, and from Despatches, 1859 to 1865. With Introductions.' Two vols. Longmans.

impossible not to feel sympathy with a man who says, 'I have committed many errors, some of them gross blunders. . . . My capacity, I have always felt, was very inferior to that of the men who have attained in past times the foremost place in our Parliament, and in the councils of our sovereign,' and yet who can point to 'the regard and favourable interpretation of my motives which I have heard expressed by my generous opponents, from the days of Lord Castlereagh to those of Mr. Disraeli.' There is a feeling postscript, expressing a due meed of reverence for the character of the late Lord Derby. Lord Russell, with amiable garrulity, gives us some anecdotes of his early days, and he also elucidates some important points in public history. From his youth up he has been a marked man among the marked; he had a seat in Parliament before he came of age; he was with Wellington within the lines of Torres Vedras, and conversed with Napoleon at Elba. He gives a full, ungrudging testimony to the greatness of the Duke's character, and his wonderful force and coolness in moments of the deepest peril. Here is a touching incident which relieves the waste of political strife. Lord Russell does not vouch for, but he fully credits the anecdote: 'When Grattan's friends were assembled round his bed, the dying patriot said to them, "Don't be hard upon Castlereagh—he loves our country."'" It is added, that when Lord Castlereagh heard of these words of his great opponent he burst into tears. Lord Russell has an affecting mention of the great sorrow of Canning when so many deserted him on the Catholic question, including Sir Robert Peel, who eventually carried the measure. No amount of explanation, no discovered political information, effectually clears away the dark stain of obliquity on Peel's career. The question was asked whether the office had been filled up. The answer was the monosyllable 'Yes,' but pronounced in such a tone of mingled scorn, anger, and grief, that it seemed as if the heart of him who uttered it were breaking with vera-

tion and disappointment. Lord Russell explains, and justifies, the perpetual ostracism of Lord Brougham from official life. All Brougham's vast powers were neutralised by his want of judgment, which prevented any party from giving him their confidence, and by a forgetfulness of what he himself might have been saying or doing just before. We will only say that we would cheerfully have sacrificed any amount of speeches and despatches for something more of Lord Russell's autobiography.

STRAY NOTES ON BOOKS.

Mr. Mudie advertised the other day a list of sixty new books. The number of new books is, of course, greatly beyond this, but he evidently thought that he ought to direct the attention of the public to at least sixty of them. 'Of making many books there is no end,' but of this mortal life there is a speedy one, and so we must lay out well the time which to some of us is our only estate, and to all of us the most important part of it. The mere glutony of books of our literary Helluo is a great mistake; the man who does nothing but read cannot read to much good effect. The world of books is like the world of waters; we cannot but stand on the shore and define a course for ourselves, and try to steer into some sort of harbour or other. If we can sketch out some sort of map of the vast expanse, and mark out the different lines of intellectual effort, and watch the general drift and current of knowledge and opinion, it is as much as one in these busy days can really hope to do. The Peripatetic looks into a good many books, it is his nature so to do and he had some thought of compiling an *Index Expurgatorius*, concerning which he would say to people about to read 'don't.' Only the difficulty occurs to him that that would be a way of advertising the bad books. So he will take a constructive method, and, most genial of critics, will try only to mention good works. Sometimes he

attempts to deal with such books in some detail, but *spatiis inclusis iniquis*, he will only drop sundry hints, but on the *verbum sap.* principle.

We hardly thought, that after Dean Stanley's 'Sinai and Palestine' there would yet be room for another similar work. Yet the 'Rob Roy on the Jordan'* may not unfittingly be classed in the same category. Mr. Macgregor has done Egypt and Syria even as the Dean has done them; and though he has not done the peninsula of Sinai he has explored the 'rivers of Damascus' as only a man in a canoe could explore them. And though he has not the finished literary style of the Dean, yet there is throughout the volume a spice of personal daring and adventure which gives a keen interest to Mr. Macgregor's clear, unaffected, picturesque narrative. Many of us saw at the exhibition of the Palestine Exploration Fund one of the series of Rob Roy canoes; there is a full explication of it here; and the Canoe Club, of which the Prince of Wales is commodore, will more and more commend itself to genuine aquatic tastes. Mr. Macgregor is the great original canoeist, with the solitary good fault, so far as we can make out, of being a little too careless and adventuresome. This led to his capture on Lake Hooly ('the waters of Merom') by the Arabs of the neighbourhood; and if Mr. Macgregor is not more careful in future he may not get off so easily as he did on this occasion. It is pleasant to find that the awe of our expedition to Abyssinia was not unfelt even by those ignorant, lawless tribes. Mr. Macgregor has before now given us some very interesting accounts of his travels with 'the young lady,' as his faithful dragoman Hany called the canoe, but he has now altogether taken higher ground. He comes before us as a geographer and as an illustrator of Scripture, and in each direction he attains to very high honours. The critic's work becomes genial and easy enough

* 'Rob Roy on the Jordan, Nile, Red Sea, and Gennesareth,' &c. By J. Macgregor, M.A. Murray.

when he has little else to do than shower pleasant epithets. This is not a book to be lightly borrowed from the library and glanced at, but to be bought, to be read, to be referred to.

Now that Mr. Froude has concluded his history, there is no historical work, of which, at least, our own land is the subject, that can in any degree compete with Mr. Freeman's 'History of the Norman Conquest.' As a matter of fact, we have no doubt that, in the opinion of another generation, Mr. Freeman will stand far ahead of Mr. Froude. Mr. Freeman gives us the third volume of his history about a year after the publication of his second, a case of literary industry well worth noting. Now we vehemently exhort our readers to procure and study Mr. Freeman's work. If they have not read the previous volumes, they may nevertheless commence with the present, which has a history of its own. As a preparation for it they cannot do better than read Lord Lytton's noble novel of 'Harold,' which Mr. Freeman repeatedly mentions with respect. The reader will find much that is discouraging about the volume. Mr. Freeman is pedantically precise in his Early English orthography, speaking of Eadward, Egbricht, and so on; his notes bristle with Latin and Early English; he has an Appendix of two hundred pages, which few English readers will care to discuss, unless, indeed, the section relating to the Bayonne tapestry. Our advice to the well-beloved reader is to skip all this, but at the same time not to skip a word belonging to Mr. Freeman's main narrative. For he has with infinite pains constructed a narrative of a portion of our national history which is indeed a foundation of all subsequent history—a portion which hitherto has been ignored or has been read defectively or amiss. He will find that history put forth with a force, eloquence, picturesqueness, and keen historical insight difficult to be surpassed in any literature of any nation. This volume is entirely taken up with the year 1066, the

Annus Mirabilis of English history. It witnessed the death of Edward the Confessor, laid to rest within his new foundation, hardly then completed, of Westminster Abbey; he describes, as few but himself could, Edward's awful prophecy of the evils coming on England, and the fiery comet that awoke fearful apprehension all over Europe. Edward leaves his throne to Harold, annulling his former bequest to William of Normandy, and Harold's accession is ratified in the Witan by the free choice of a free people. Then he takes up the history of William of Normandy, and gives his probable version of the transactions between William and Harold, when Harold, thrown on the French coast by shipwreck, swore on the bones of the saints to meet William in war in order to secure his liberty or life. Then we have the invasion of England by his evil brother Tostig, with Harold Hardrada of Norway, the last Scandinavian invasion until Alexandra, Princess of Wales, came and took all our hearts by storm. The great battle of Stamford Bridge is fought, the invading chiefs are slain, and the remaining Northmen are graciously allowed to go homewards in their beaked ships. Three days afterwards, while Harold is at high banquet, a fleet messenger from Sussex arrives and tells him that William has effected his landing and is harrying the country with fire and sword. Harold moves southward, although he has lost so much of the strength of his army in the great victory at Stamford Bridge. He takes up a strong position at Senlac, the true name of the locality of the so-called battle of Hastings, which was the site of the Abbey and town of Battle, from Hastings about some seven miles. The great battle is told once more, with more accuracy but not with more energy than by Lord Lytton. After the defeat comes that finding of the body of Harold, which art, poetry, and romance have duly celebrated, by a weak, loving woman, when all else had failed. It was buried without sepulture beneath a huge cairn of stones on the steep

of Hastings, where his great shadow seemed to haunt and guard the English coast, until it was borne off to his own shrine at Waltham, while the Conqueror was crowned at the Abbey amid the wild glare of houses blazing around.

This is the year's story which Mr. Freeman has to tell in his third volume, and which he tells as it has never been told before.*

We have always entertained and have expressed in these pages an opinion that emigration is the greatest of all remedies, the divinely-appointed remedy for the evils of our social state. The great vessels which are now lying useless could not be more profitably employed than in conveying emigrants, and Government might act more justly in giving loans to honest emigrants than to disloyal Irishmen. One of the most admirable and useful books connected with the great subject of the day is Mr. Fox Bourne's work on 'Our Colonies and Emigration.'† He brings together at one glance a full view of all our colonies, and adds tables that are replete with necessary information. The book will be highly useful to the intending emigrant and to all who take a patriotic interest in these imperial questions. The literary merit of the work is very considerable. It is a companion volume to Sir Charles Dilke's work, and within a narrower compass possesses greater completeness.

We have met with two admirable books on language, to the scope of which it is extremely difficult to do justice within our narrow limits, but which we would not willingly leave unmentioned. Each book has apparently a simple and humble aim, but it would be difficult to overrate the manifest utility of each. When Dr. Arnold was once appointing a Lower Master at Rugby, he

* 'The History of the Norman Conquest of England, the Causes and its Results.' By Edward A. Freeman, M.A. Vol. III. Oxford: at the Clarendon Press.

† 'The Story of our Colonies: with Sketches of their Present Condition.' By H. R. Fox Bourne. London: James Hogg and Son.

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It is well known that FLOUR is the staple food of more than Three Millions of the Human Race, and is consequently the most important article of Diet. It is therefore of great importance that it should be of the best quality, and that it should be pure and unadulterated.

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COLMAN'S BRITISH CORNFLOUR



W. L. Thomas J.

SPRING-TIME

thought at first that a man of low attainments would do; but he reviewed his opinion, and said he must have a learned man to teach a simple subject well. You may detect a scholar even when he is teaching a simple subject simply, just as a mere note is often sufficient to show much of a man's tone and character. We can testify, both of Mr. de Levante and of Mr. Hood, that they are capable of much more than such books as these. The books may be confidently recommended as of great utility. Mr. de Levante complains, with great reason, that young people are not sound in orthography and that foreigners fail in orthoepy,* that is, cannot make the English pronunciation. To all such his book will lend effectually guidance. He often reminds us of William Cobbett, who delighted to find false grammar in king's speeches or the speeches of bishops and statesmen. But bad grammar is sporadic. Cob-

bett delighted to dwell on the errors of Lindley Murray, and we may at least smile at the affected purism of Cobbett, who certainly could not understand idioms. We have looked with much pleasure through Mr. de Levante's book, and consider it a real addition to educational literature.

Mr. Tom Hood is so accomplished a master of the art of rhyme that we necessarily listen with respect to his explication of the mechanism of his art. Scattered through his book are some gems of pure criticism, as in his remarks on that rare and difficult art of song-writing, and his true notion that Moore owed much of his success this way to his musical knowledge. His work will go far to arrest what he calls the Americanising of our language. Mr. Hood is careful to explain that he is only dealing with the form of poetry, and that verse is but its A B C. But all literary excellence must be based upon that A B C.

But, as we said just now, books are multiplying very fast on us. We shall later attempt to classify them, with notices of some selected specimens.

* 'Orthoepy and Orthography of the English Language.' By Rev. E. R. De Levante. Longmans.

'The Rules of Rhymes: a Guide to English Versification. With a Compendious Dictionary of Rhymes.' By Tom Hood. James Hogg and Son, York Street.

SPRING TIME.

APPLE blossoms falling sweet
In a rosy rain,
With your breath my darling greet,
Shed a splendour for her feet
Comes she here again.

Birds that on the branches sing,
Blossom-tufts among,
Stint not in your carolling,
She should, even as the Spring,
Brim your hearts with song.

Flowers that, springing in the night,
Take the hues of morn,
Cluster round her dewy-bright,
Thrilling with a new delight
Of her coming born.

Where the branches interlace
 In a flush of green,
 Oh, to look upon her face!
 Oh, to mark her Dryad grace
 And her gracious mien!

Brighter eyes or bluer ne'er
 To the light awake;
 And the glooms the glosses snare,
 In the ripples of her hair,
 And its glory make.

Fresher is she than the day
 When the leaves are new,
 Daintier than the buds of May,
 When the greening branches sway,
 And the buds are few.

Fall then, blooms in rosy rain,
 Birds, your sweetest sing,
 Flowers, you blossom not in vain,
 For my darling comes again—
 Comes embodied Spring!

WILLIAM SAWYER.

TURNING-POINTS IN LIFE.

ANY one who has arrived at that era of his own history in which Memory more than Hope governs the horizon of human life—who analyses the motives and muses on the events of his own life-story, and who learns to watch with intense human interest that drama of life which day by day is unfolding in all the relationships that surround him, will, I think, understand the phrase which I have set at the head of this paper, and the line of thought indicated by the phrase. But a man must have some self-knowledge, some self-insight, before he can dispassionately review his own history. A man cannot see his blunders while he is playing his game; but when the game is very nearly over he can see little else except his blunders. And yet he may have played a very fair game after all. And it is a truth in military science that no battle is fought without blunders, and the goodness of generalship practically consists in the

comparative fewness of blunders. It is very touching to see such renowned statesmen as Earl Russell and the late Sir James Graham—men who zealously contended during their political career for the absolute indefeasibility of their conduct—as the shadows darken, confess candidly the number and greatness of their blunders. And if calm, meditative introspection is rare, it is something still more difficult to understand others, to do justice to them, to 'put yourself in his place,' to forget rivalries and feuds in sympathy and appreciation. Really to do so is a mixed moral and intellectual achievement of a somewhat high order. First of all, man has the sense of novelty, the desire, ever unsatisfied, to see, or hear, or do something fresh. Then intelligent admiration succeeds the mere sense of wonder. Men desire to have a knowledge of the laws that pervade the world of matter and the world of mind around them. Then comes,

higher still, I think, in the scale, the faculty that interests man in the human interests that surround him. On the intellectual side this faculty enables him to grasp by mental acts the shifting panorama of history and the poetry and passion of life, and on the moral side it gives him sympathy and gumption, and the desire to act justly, charitably, and purely—to do all the good he can in all the ways he can to all the people he can.

Besides this conscious feeling of having blundered, and the wholesome humility such a feeling should inspire, there will ensue on any such retrospect the feeling that there have been great 'turning-points in life.' Some of these blunders will certainly be connected with some of these turning-points, and some of these turning-points will connect themselves with the very reverse of blunders, that is, with what has been best and worthiest in our imperfect lives. But many of them will be odd, strange, inexplicable. After eliminating all that can be explained as the legitimate results of certain practical lines of conduct, it is still remarkable how large a realm in human life is occupied by what is simply and absolutely fortuitous. And this presence of chance cannot really be a matter of chance. So far from that, it is, I believe, part of the constitution of things under which we live. Just as we live in an order of nature, where the seasons succeed each other, not in mere arithmetical order, but in all sweet variety, so events do not succeed each other according to a clearly-defined system of causation, but with a liability to the constant recurrence of what is accidental and fortuitous. Probably all the phenomena of human life, as of nature, are referable to law; but still it would be wearisome work to us, constituted as we are, to watch all the unvaried sequences of order. Instead of that we only vaguely see the vague skirts, the vast shadowy forms of such laws, and most things below the skies remain as uncertain, uncertified, transitory as the skies themselves. And this weird, fortuitous

realm is doubtless ordered for the best, and is no mystery to the great Lawgiver, although His laws are inexplicable to us, and are to us as confused as the rush and roar of complicated machinery when first from the sweet south we enter the grim establishments of those masterful northern manufacturers.

There, that will do! I have been as didactic and speculative as I durst, or, indeed, as I can be on these problems, which are almost as baffling to the mind as the notions of space and infinity. But as I have been speaking of the fortuitous, let us mark off clearly a set of cases peculiarly likely to be confounded with it. A man finds a watch upon the ground. This was Paley's famous illustration, which has a regular pedigree in the history of literature. You remember the story of the absurd Cambridge undergraduate who mixed up Paley's Argument of Design with the Evidences of Christianity, and commenced his examination paper with the queer hypothesis, 'If twelve men find a watch.' But, to employ this used-up teleological watch once more, it is by no means a fortuitous event, whether the man seeks to restore the watch to its owner or forthwith appropriates the same. To one man the watch will be an overmastering temptation, and he will pocket it; to another the watch will be destitute of the least power of exciting temptation, and he would immediately deposit it with the town crier. The result, in either case, is simply the result of a man's disposition, character, and antecedent history. The same sort of thing happens under much more difficult and complicated circumstances. A man makes a certain decision, and in after-life he is spoken of as having made such a very wise or unwise decision; or it is said that in a certain emergency he acted with such vigour, or promptness, or justness, or the reverse. Now what I wish to deny altogether is the apparently fortuitous character of such transactions. The whole previous life, so to speak, had been a preparation for that particular minute of momentous action. It was a sum, duly

cast up, giving the result in particular figures. The practical force of these considerations is evident. A man is dismissed his ship for drunkenness. It seems a sharp penalty. Yes, but the intoxication was not a fortuitous event. There must have been a *crescendo* series of ungentlemanly acts culminating in this punishable misdemeanour. A woman runs away with her groom; but what a progressive debasement of heart and mind there must have been before all culture and gentle associations are forgotten! A man is convicted of a criminal offence at the bar of some tribunal. There are a crowd of witnesses to character. He has not a witness who would have thought him capable of such an act. Yet his mind had been familiarised with such acts, and probably his practice with acts only just evading the character of transgression against positive law. It often happens, also, that extenuating circumstances are, in truth, aggravating circumstances. And this may suggest a consideration on the character of scruples. Bishop Temple has a sermon on the subject, and when I read it—and also when I heard it preached by one of his admirers as his own—I thought the treatment very unsatisfactory. Scruples are often tedious, tiresome things, mere matters of anise and cummin. And yet, though their absolute importance may be little, to some minds their relative importance is very great. Scruples are often the advanced outposts of conscience. Sometimes they are outposts which command the citadel. When the outposts fall, one by one, there is often no use at all in defending the city. The lines are drawn round it and it must fall. Which things are an allegory. As consequences have their antecedents, so apparently fortuitous acts have their anterior order.

When, therefore, I speak of turning-points in life I mean, first, those events which undoubtedly have a fortuitous character, though this is perhaps more apparent than real; and next, those events which, though they may seem fortuitous, are distinctly nothing of the sort; and

thirdly, those stages and crises in individual history when a man, *nolens volens*, is obliged to take his line, and when not to take a line is the most distinct line of all, *i. e.*, whether a man will get married, or take to a profession, or practically decides that he will not marry and will not take to a profession. In human history, from time to time, these turning-points emerge. Men tell us so, and we see it. We all know how Shakespeare says that there is a tide in the affairs of men, which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune. That turning of the tide is frequently dramatic or even tragic enough. So we have heard of persons cut off by the tide and left stranded on some rock out at sea. The hungry, crawling foam reaches the feet, the knees, the loins, the breast, the lips. There is the death-agony of apprehension. Then suddenly the water recedes. It is the turn of the tide. The romance is told of such unlooked-for safety, but those erect no tablets who perish. We sometimes see something analogous to this in life. Once nothing succeeded, but now everything turns to gold. Once they drew all blanks, now the prizes are all before them. As the Yankee parson said, 'So mote it be.'

Sometimes circumstances purely fortuitous have coloured and influenced a whole lifetime. I have met with two instances of this in my reading within the last week or two. The other day I was within a magnificent library—a library that belonged to one of the greatest scholars that England has ever known. It has grown with choice accretions since it came into its present owner's hands. I took down a tall thick folio, bound in vellum—such books with such coverings its owner loved—and opened the volume of Justin Martyr, which contained the dialogue with Trypho. I read that remarkable passage in which Justin recounts to his chance companions the truest and strangest of all passages of his history. One day he had been musing on the seashore when he was accosted by an aged and benevolent stranger, who ven-

tured to ask him the nature of his meditations. Justin explained to him how he was musing on the philosophers; but his new-found companion asked him whether he knew aught about the prophets. Then ensued the conversation which determined the tenour and complexion of all Justin's future life. Perhaps some of us may have had such rare seasons of converse with gifted minds, which have been as an *open sesame*, to open up whole realms of thought and truth which otherwise might have eluded our sphere of observation. I noticed the other instance in Mrs. Gordon's interesting little book respecting her illustrious father, Sir David Brewster. On the very threshold of his great scientific researches his sight began to fail him. He had every reason to fear that his eyes must go; and in his case most earthly good would have failed with his failing vision. Then some one told him that, for such cases, the great surgeon, Sir Benjamin Brodie, recommended a particular prescription. It was a very simple one, common snuff being the chief ingredient. He took it, and was completely cured. Years after Sir David met Sir Benjamin; but Sir Benjamin was surprised at the matter, and said the prescription was none of his.

Now let us take some illustrations from life; and truly that was a true saying, that though arguments are pillars yet illustrations are the windows that let in the light.

There is no doubt but the moment in which, at a family conclave, there is a choice of school or college is a very important turning-point of life. It is remarkable on how slight a hinge the choice turns—what a slight impulse settles the question. Unfortunately the matter is often settled the wrong way. There are some boys for whom the public school is the very thing. It is especially the thing for those boys who are adapted by nature for our English public life. It develops the mind: it forms the manners: it carries the boy successfully on in his work: it surrounds him with friends who often form a phalanx

around him on whose shoulders he is carried onward to prosperity and eminence. But, on the other hand, there are boys who are peculiarly fitted for home education, or the gentlest training abroad. They have delicate flowers of character and feeling which would blossom in the shade, but are withered in the glare of sunshine. Cowper's misery at Westminster has been often reproduced in his sensitiveness, if not in his genius. I have a hearty love of Eton and Etonians. But take some obtuse youth of eighteen, who has never received the individual separate attention which he has required—who has been slowly shuffled through class after class without attaining to its level of attainment—on whom the distinctive advantages of the place have been almost altogether thrown away, and he has gained, I grant you, good manners—that is the never-failing acquisition which Eton always gives her sons—but otherwise the early years of his life have been almost irretrievably wasted. He is just the sort of man on whom careful patient training would have wrought everything that could be wrought on a poor limited nature; but now if he can get into the army or smuggled into a family living, it is the only use to which he is susceptible of being put.

Similarly as to college. A man goes to a certain college because his father was there before him, or because his uncle had a fellowship there, or because some paltry scholarship is attached to his native county. But a knowing Cambridge tutor would say, 'That is just the man for Trinity,' or a knowing Oxford tutor, 'That is just the man for Christ Church, or just the man for Balliol.' Why should you send a hard-reading man to Exeter or an indolent, dressy man to Balliol? Why should a gentleman be sent to the drinking smoking set of a 'fast,' which means a slow college? and why should not some wavering natures be developed into something better by the best collegiate influences? All over the world the square peg

goes into the round hole, and *vice versa*. There is something very odd about men at small colleges, but as the Trinity man said, according to Mr. Leslie Stephen, 'They, too, are God's creatures.' A man will go to his little college, where you might live in a university town for a dozen years without knowing, and like it, and stand up for it, and consider it the epitome of the world, as some men stand up for Christ Church or Balliol, and others for Trinity and St. John's.

Let us now look at some instances of 'turning-points' in our social life around us. In professional life we often find anecdotes of success that are very good, and, what cannot always be said of good stories, very well guaranteed. There was a London curate sitting one day in his vestry, very much after the manner of his order. These London curates are sometimes a sort of relieving officers. They often sit an hour a day in the vestry, distributing dispensary tickets or orders for soup and flannel, or writing down the names of poor people who may be in some dire distress and on whom they intend to call. If you want to have a five minutes' chat with this sort of parson you know when and where to find him. There came a tap at a certain vestry door, and the curate shouted his 'come in,' with full belief that there was another Irish pauper. A gentleman came in, who asked after the aristocratic and well-known rector. The curate explained that his rector was out of town, but that he himself would be very pleased to do anything he could for him. The gentleman hummed and hesitated, but at last explained his business. It so happened that he was the patron of a valuable living which had just fallen in, and knowing nothing about clergymen, he had called to ask the rector whether he knew any one on whom the presentation would be fittingly bestowed. The curate was no fool. A turning-point had come. He saw he had a chance, and he took it. He said there was an individual, whom modesty prevented him from naming, who was ad-

mirably qualified for a good living. The ingenuous shamefacedness was overcome, and the curate gave ample evidence that he had worked long and arduously. He dropped into a very good living, rather to the disgust of the rector, who would have liked better to have given it to some of his own belongings. I remember another lucky hit. It was that of a clergyman meeting with a Lord Chancellor. The Chancellor was not Lord Hatherley, but it was a predecessor of his in no very remote degree. The parson—he was a tutor at one of the Oxford colleges—was a very early riser, and so was the Lord Chancellor. It so happened that they were visiting together at the same country-house. They met one fresh early morning in the library when all the rest of the world was drowned in sleep. This similarity led to a long conversation, in which other similarities of taste and feeling were developed. The result was that the Lord Chancellor gave him a capital living. There is a great difference among Lord Chancellors. Such a Chancellor as Lord Westbury did not care for his small church patronage, and brought in a bill which enabled him to get rid of it. Other Chancellors, however, are truly 'grasping' about it, if one may use that unpleasant term. The fact is, Chancellors ought not to be allowed to hold ecclesiastical patronage. Livings are not the proper prizes to be given away in recollection of electioneering contests or sharp legal businesses.

The readers of those somewhat mendacious volumes Lord Campbell's 'Lives of the Lord Chancellors' will recollect the sudden, unexpected turns by which great lawyers have trod to fame and fortune. I often think of a great advocate, rising up to take advantage of his first chance; and feeling as if his wife and children were tugging at his robe and exhorting him to do his best. Then nearly every doctor in good practice has his story of days when he had no practice at all, and of the lucky incidents which brought him into the notice which he deserved. Much may be said of various

other pursuits in life. I once knew a man who got into Parliament through the simple accident of meeting a man on the steps of the Carlton Club. This man said that he was going to try for a borough on the great Buff interest, and he wanted another man, a Buff, like himself, but a better talker, to try along with him, and he would stand all the expenses. The two Buffs were duly returned. If you believe Dr. Johnson's definition of genius—I don't—that it is great natural ability accidentally turned into a particular direction, then every career of great intellectual eminence has been accidentally determined by the stress of some turning-point in life. A lucky incident determined the career of that great prelate and acute thinker, Bishop Herbert Marsh. If you don't know much about Bishop Marsh, just turn to that volume of the British Museum library where his works are enrolled; or, better still, in that learned mass of annotation with which Mr. Mayor has supplemented the publication of the Baker MS. on St. John's College. Herbert Marsh wrote German with the force and facility of a native. He published in that language, in 1800, 'The History of the Politics of Great Britain and France . . . containing a Narrative of the attempt made by the British Government to restore Peace.' This history was based on authentic documents, which showed that the French, and not the British, were the authors of the war. Its publication did our country a signal service at the time. You will still find many ignorant writers who insist that Pitt's glorious continental wars were quite a mistake, and altogether unnecessary. I would only advise them to go to their books and study the materials of authentic history. Pitt sent for Marsh, and gave him some five hundred a year until he should give him a bishopric. Another illustrious Englishman owed his fortune to that evil genius of Europe, Napoleon. When that monster of selfishness and cruelty was caged in the 'Bellerophon,' and the vessel lay in Plymouth Sound,

at the latter end of that memorable July—oh, what a midsummer was that for our England!—a young painter took boat day by day, and hovered about the vessel for every glimpse of the captive. Every evening, about six, Napoleon used to appear on the gangway and make his bow to the thousands who came out to see him. There is some reason to believe that Napoleon divined, and approved of the artist's intention. So, Charles Eastlake made a good portrait, and from it constructed a large painting of the Emperor, for which the gentlemen of Plymouth gave him a thousand pounds, and sent it to Rome, and made the fortune of the future President of the Royal Academy.

Marriage is unquestionably as decided a turning-point in human destiny as can be. It is, however, a turning-point which, least of all, should be left to mere blind chance. Yet mere blind chance often rules the result. Everybody now recollects how Lord Byron staked on a toss up whether he should make his offer to Miss Milbanke or not. Mr. Grant asserts that there is an English duke now living, who wrote the following letter, when marquis, to a friend with whom he had agreed to inspect some carriages in Long Acre: "It will not be necessary to meet me to-morrow, to go to Long Acre to look for a carriage. From a remark made by the duke [his father] to-day, I fancy I am going to be married." Not only had the marquis left his father to choose a bride for him and to make the other necessary matrimonial arrangements; but when the intimation was made to him by the duke that the future marchioness had been fixed on, he seemed to view the whole affair as if it had been one which did not concern him in the least. We have a similar anecdote of the late Duke of Sutherland: 'On the morning of the day of his marriage, a friend of his found him leaning carelessly over the railing at the edge of the water in St. James's Park, and throwing crumbs of bread to the ducks. His friend, surprised to see him at such a place, and so

engaged, within two hours of the appointed time for his marriage to one of the first women in England—one in whose veins the blood of the Howards flowed—exclaimed, "What, you here to-day! I thought you were going to be married this morning?" "Yes," was his answer, given with the most perfect *nonchalance*, and throwing a few more crumbs to the ducks, without moving from the railing on which he was leaning—"yes, I believe I am." I should hope that sensible men do not often leave the choice of a wife to be determined in this indeterminate way. Nor yet, I hope, for the matter of that, the choice of a profession—more especially if that profession is the Church. I see that a set of gentlemen are now trying, vehemently, to release themselves from the shackles of their ordination vows. They say, in effect, that they were young; that they were inexperienced; that they have seen what they have liked better; that they ought to have the liberty of another choice. I offer no opinion on this reasoning. But it is worth while to point out that every one of these considerations would equally apply to a claim to be released from marriage. Milton set forth the whole claim in his 'Tetrachordon.' Yet this is a length to which any legislature would decline to go.

Every now and then, in history, or in the history of literature and science, we find some striking historical instance of turning-points in life. On such ground we see how a scandal about a bracelet, or the prohibition of a banquet, wrought a revolution, and precipitated a dynasty. Look at literary or scientific biography. Think of Crabbe's timorously calling on Edmund Burke, and inducing him to look at his poetry. I have no doubt but Burke was very busy. But with lightning glance he looked over the lines, and satisfied himself that real genius was there. When Crabbe left the statesman, he was a made man. Burke, ever generous and enlightened, had made up his mind to take care of him. Or look at Faraday. He was only a poor bookseller's poor boy, working hard and honestly, but disliking his

employment and inspired with a pure thirst for knowledge. He had managed, somehow or other, to hear the great chemist, Humphry Davy, at the Royal Institution; and, with trembling solicitude, he sends him a fair copy of the notes which he had made of his lectures. The result is that Michael Faraday receives an appointment at the Royal Institution, and lays the foundation of his splendid and beneficent career. Looking back to the past, that was a great moment in the life of Columbus, when, resting on a sultry day beneath the fierce Spanish sun, he asked for a drink of cold water at a convent-door. The prior entered into a conversation with him, and—struck by his appearance, and afterwards by the magnificent simplicity of his ideas—gave him the introductions he so sorely needed; and thus Columbus gave to Castile and Aragon a new world.

And greater than any merely national event of outward honour and importance, a more wondrous turning-point in life, is that when some great thought, some great discovery has first loomed distinctly before the mind. One of Mr. Hugh Macmillan's admirable works reminds us of such a 'moment.' Seventeen years ago, late one afternoon, a hunter, led by the chase, came to a secluded spot in a forest on a slope, four thousand feet high, of the range of the Sierra Nevada. There, to his astonishment, he beheld vast dark-red trunks of trees rising for three or four hundred feet in the air, dwarfing all the surrounding forest, whose tops were still aglow in the sunset when darkness had fallen on all meaner growths. Thus was discovered the *Wellingtonia gigantea* of California, the most splendid addition of this generation to natural history. You may walk, you may even ride on horseback through the trunk of a fallen tree. Those alive are between two and three thousand years old, and those prostrate may have lain for thousands of years and have been thousands of years old when they fell. The huntsman who first beheld them hastened away, as one enchanted, to tell the marvellous story, and was not believed

until repeated visits and measurements had been made. There is an eminent American writer who considers that there are two moments which stand pre-eminent in the intellectual history of our race. One of them was when Galileo for the first time looked through the first telescope, and the phases of Venus and the moons of Jupiter whispered to him the idea of myriad space peopled with myriads of worlds like our own. A second such 'moment' was, when a large quantity of fossil bones and shells was placed before the aged Buffon for inspection. To his amazement he found that these remains corresponded with no known remains of living creatures of the earth. In a moment there came before the old man's mind the vast idea of infinite time, peopled with other creations besides our own. 'Filled with awe, the old man, then over eighty years of age, published his discovery. In a kind of sacred frenzy, he spoke of the magnificence of the prospect, and prophesied of the future glories of the new science, which he was, alas! too old to pursue.' Only the other day we had a splendid scientific generalization, which Mr. Charles Kingsley thinks will work a new era in biology. Dr. Carpenter in his 'Report of the Dredging Operations of the "Lightning,"' says that 'The globeigerina mud is not merely a chalk formation, but a continuation of the chalk formation; so that we may be said to be still living in the age of chalk.' Yes, layer by layer, the live atomies are laying the floorings of a new continent, which we shall not see. It is a sublime thought. Perhaps still more interesting are his discoveries of abundance of active life far down in depths where all the philosophers had considered that life was impossible, thus checking the seemingly most final and authoritative decisions of science. Well, the philosopher may take a lesson, may take to heart the first and humblest lesson of science, to look on all opinions as in solution, all hypotheses as tentative; and if some of our scientific luminaries become a little more modest and a little less dogmatic, it

will be a wonderful era in their own lives and a special blessing to the next meeting of the British Association.

Then accidents are turning-points, which may bring you to a sudden pause—to a dead wall. There are many accidents, fatal accidents, which, humanly speaking, might be avoided by taking things quietly. For instance, I almost wish we had a statistical account of the number of people who have dropped down dead through running to catch the train. I saw in a provincial paper the other day a very queer account of a man attending his own inquest! A coroner's jury had been summoned to hold an inquiry respecting the end of some deceased person. One of the jurymen so summoned was rather late. He and his fellow-jurors were to meet at a public-house. From the door of the hostel they watched him hastening very fast and presently running. Suddenly he dropped. They hastened to him, but found that life was altogether extinct. The coroner, a shrewd, busy man, suggested that as they were all there it would be as well if they empanelled another jurymen and held both inquests at the same sitting. This was done; and within an hour or two of the poor fellow's proceeding to attend the inquest, an inquest was held upon himself.

Then as to the morality of our theme. It was an old Greek Sophist, Prodicus by name, one of a body whom we think, despite Mr. Grote, to be justly enough abused, who gave us—Xenophon tells the story—that beautiful fable of the Choice of Heracles, which has been repeated in many forms and in many languages. It has been beautifully reproduced by Mr. Tennyson, when Ione Æone tells 'many-fountained Ida' of the choice of Paris, when he turned away from Athené with her wisdom to Aphrodité with her love. Pythagoras took the letter Y as the symbol of human life:

¹ Et tibi, que Samios dixit littera ramos.

PERMUS

The stem of the letter denoted that

part of human life during which character is still unformed; the right-hand branch, the finer of the two, represents the path of virtue, the other that of vice. As one of the commentators says, 'The fancy took mightily with the ancients.' There is a clearly-defined turning-point in life for you! Of such 'turning-points' I have here endeavoured to give some sort of *rationale*. My thesis is that most of them are to be

eliminated from the catalogue of the contingent and the accidental, as being the legitimate effect and product of character; and, next, admitting the existence of what is fortuitous, I argue that the presence of chance is not a matter of chance, but designed by the great Artist who builds up individual life, and weaves it into the common warp and woof of all human life around us.

F. ARNOLD.



A BROTHERLY RECOGNITION.

SKETCHED AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS BY E. N. DOWNS.